The Relief Society Magazine

Vol. XXIV FEBRUARY, 1937 No. 2

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THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Organ of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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An Old Valentine

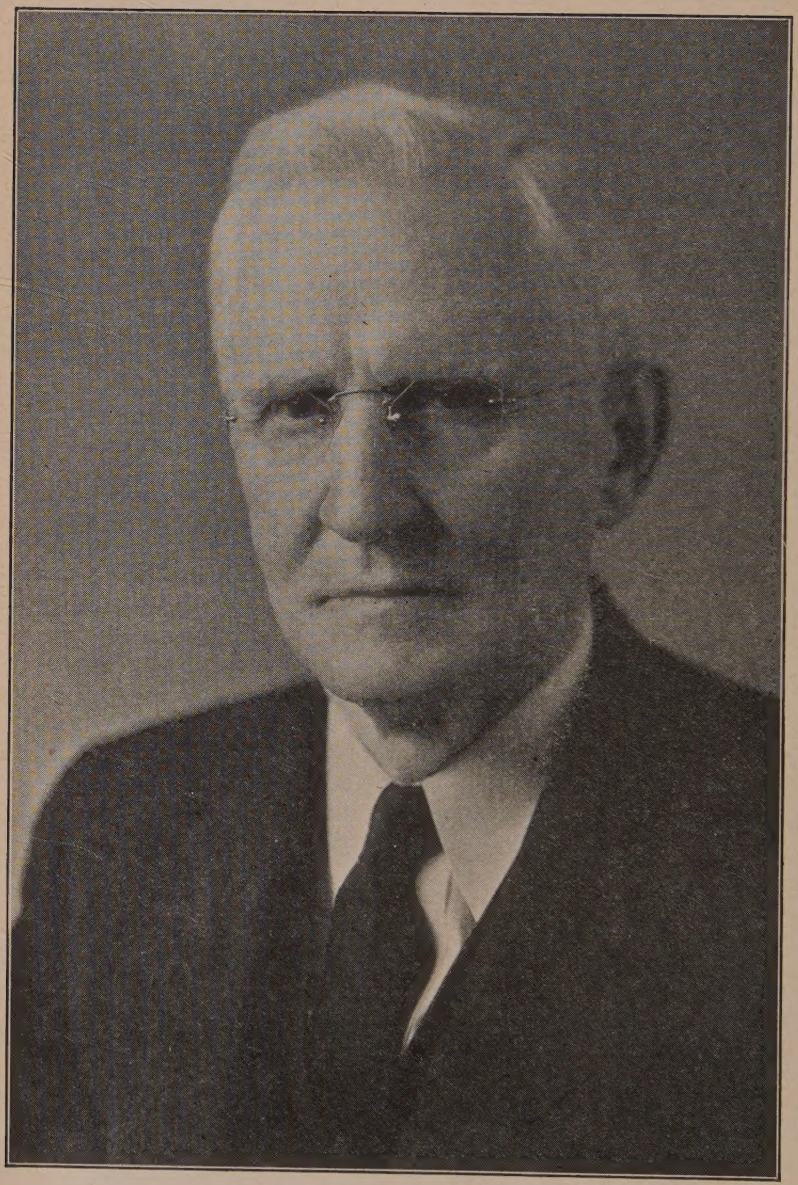
By Grace C. Jacobsen

It lay among some trinkets, in an old forgotten chest,
A tiny faded valentine, all in order with the rest.
The sender's name had disappeared, the ribbon bows were frayed,
And o'er their tattered beauty a bunch of roses strayed.

A cupid's bow was broken off, a bleeding heart was torn,
A blue forget-me-not was lost, the lacy edge was worn.
The violets round a girlish form still lingered in their place
Her lover standing at her side, held her in a fond embrace.

"I love you, dearest," ran the lines, so dim I scarce could see,
But their sweetly flowing cadence, meant all the world to me.
In fancy I am winging back across the hurried years,
And live again one happy hour, amid my falling tears.

Yes, time has marred its beauty, and robbed it of its art,
But its ardent declaration, reigns triumphant in my heart.
O! little time-worn Valentine, sent forth at love's request,
I shall keep you always, within my treasure chest.



ALONZO A. HINCKLEY

The
Relief Society Magazine

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Alonzo A. Hinckley—The Man

By President David O. McKay

WHEN we pay tribute to Alonzo A. Hinckley as a man we need not qualify or limit what we say. Everyone who knows him will bear witness that in describing President Hinckley's uprightness, superlatives may be used without exaggeration. His character is like a clear spring that flows from the rock uncontaminated. If I speak of him as I knew him I can use only those terms which apply to a superior man.

It was my privilege and pleasure to accompany President Hinckley through the California Mission when he was first appointed to succeed President Joseph L. McMurrin as President of that Mission. Our continued close association gave me a clearer insight into his outstanding qualities as a leader of men. I had opportunity to observe, also, how ideally happy he was in his congenial home life. If I had been asked at that time to name his most outstanding virtue, I would have said it was an abiding faith in God, and in the efficacy of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This was evident not only from what he said, and from the testimonies he bore to audiences we met, but by what he constantly radiated in his daily conversations and associations.

His keen sense of humor was equally outstanding, but I would say it was more reserved than brilliant, more suggestive than poignant, as was illustrated in his answer to an Eastern lady who on one occasion asked, "Are all your children boys, Mr. Hinckley?" "All but ten" was the prompt but genial reply.

Inheritance, environment, and self-effort are three important factors that shape and make men's lives. All three of these influences combined favorably in molding President Hinckley's character.

HIS was a noble heritage. His father could have said to his sons, and in different words undoubtedly did say to them, what we find in David Livingston's legacy: "My lads, I have looked back through our history as far as I could find it, and I have never found a dishonest man in all the line. I want you to understand that you inherit good blood; you have no excuse for doing wrong. My lads, be honest." President Hinckley has added luster to his worthy ancestry.

PRESIDENT HINCKLEY'S environment from boyhood to manhood kept him close to nature and to his fellowmen. His home

training and companionship in youth taught him early in life the value of self-control as contrasted with looseness and self-indulgence. On the ranch in the bright sunshine, or at night as he lay under the glittering stars, he learned from observation and practical experience that the law of compensation and the law of retribution are as constant as the law of gravitation, and that cause and effect are continuously operative. His keen observation among men taught him that sin and sorrow are inseparable, as also are virtue and happiness.

Consequently by self-effort he devoted his youth and early manhood to the cultivation of those cardinal virtues which contribute to the fullest life. He cherished honor as he prized life itself. He was courageous, temperate, loyal and reverent —qualities which contribute to nobility of soul. Paraphrasing a tribute once paid to George Washington, we can say truly President Hinckley was sound at heart, and on the surface of his nature full at once of integrity and sagacity; "speaking ever from the level of his character, and always ready to substantiate opinions with deeds; a man without any morbid egotism or pretension or extravagance; simple, modest, dignified, incorruptible; never giving advice which events did not endorse as wise, never lacking fortitude to bear calamities which resulted from his advice being overruled." Men of such sterling worth are the veritable bulwarks of society. The world is better for their having lived, and poorer when they are taken from it.

IN the home President Hinckley was respected and beloved as a devoted husband and honored father. In the community he was looked upon as a practical, progressive builder. In his friendships, he was true and loyal. As an ambassador of truth, and as an Apostle of the Lord, he was unwavering in his testimony of the living Christ.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

WINDOW GARDEN

By Vesta Pierce Crawford

Outside the winds of winter blow
And blizzards gild the window pane,
Yet here where yellow flowers grow,
The colored summer comes again.

Oh narrow is the garden row,
But wide and long enough to hold
This primrose fringe of petaled glow
And daffodils of bended gold.

Here now the red geraniums stand,
Defiant of the outer gloom,
And who can see the frozen land
Beyond this flame of window bloom!

National Council of Women

By President Louise Y. Robison

THE officers of the National Council of Women are to be congratulated upon the choice of topics programmed for the Forum, which was held under their auspices in New York City, December 2-3, 1936. The theme: "A 1937 Forecast for Better Living—based upon The Contribution of Women in American Life." Our gracious President, Mrs. Ruth Haller Ottaway, presided, and in her keynote address, made the following prophetic statement:

"The concerted action of the women of the United States and the world is both possible and probable. The National Council, without regimentation, by only presenting for consideration to national organizations the same project at the same time, can develop a climate of opinion, a crystallization of conviction, which will change the entire national and international life."

Every subject discussed was vital and of deep interest to women. It placed home-making among the professions, and emphasized the need for better preparation for parenthood. Dr. Valeria H. Parker, discussing this subject said, "The greatest adventure in life is for a man and a woman to live together happily and helpfully, and rear a wholesome family."

Mr. Ralph Barsodi advanced the theory that women in the home contribute the sum of $36,000,000,000.00 annually through the service they render and the articles they produce. Women who successfully make homes, rear and teach children, have the most important profession.

There was launched a three year educational program for more intelligent spending of our 1937 dollar, using the slogan, "Know what you want, Buy what you ask for." We shall hear more of this helpful Consumer's program.

An appeal was made for women to promote an educational campaign against cancer, which, it was claimed, was the cause of one hundred fifty thousand deaths annually.

The effect of radio and moving pictures on children and young people, was stressed. Eighty-five million people attend motion pictures weekly, twenty-one million of this number are under eighteen years of age. Women were urged to cooperate in having only helpful programs. It is estimated that ninety million people listened to high grade music during six months. Producers of radio and motion picture programs were in attendance and pledged support of their companies in any endeavor to elevate their production.

The delightful talks on music, books and art will long be remembered. Leon Dabo said, "Art is not a picture. Art is something one feels—that love of the beautiful—that love of life—expressing the something in one's heart."

Miss Lena Madesin Phillips, chairman of the Committee on the Economic Status of Women, urged the women in the home to assume some of the responsibility for seeing that women who work for a living get decent wages.

DR. WILLIAM J. COX made an urgent appeal for woman's influence in curtailing automobile acci-

dents. After giving appalling statistics he said, "When you see a group of six or seven children, try to realize that one out of this number will be killed or maimed for life unless something is done to check the terrible slaughter. Education of public is needed, not in better driving, but popularizing the enforcement of laws. In Rhode Island there was a 20% decrease of deaths, although travel increased 100%.

Speaking on the Public Health program, Dr. Haven Emerson summed up the sentiment of the Forum when he said: "We cannot achieve any progress by authority or law. People cannot be forced. We must patiently and constantly stress education.

The closing session was a World Peace dinner, at which a number of notable people spoke. We were charmed with Gladys Swarthout, Metropolitan Opera and motion picture star. There were delightful folk songs, and a stirring address on Peace by Estelle M. Sternberger.

It was the end of two perfect days. From the time Mr. Augustus Zanzig opened the first session with the audience singing folk songs, until good-byes were said to new and old friends, every moment was inspirational and educational.

A Pioneer Incident

By Julia Wilson

NUMEROUS are the faith-promoting incidents told by the early pioneers. The following is rather unusual.

It was in the early eighties when settlements had been made practically all over the state of Utah. My husband and his father owned and operated a saw mill near the head of the Sevier River. They also farmed the land surrounding the mill. This year crops were doing well and prospects were good for another year's supply of flour and vegetables.

It was in August that this particular hail storm came and it was a real one. If you want to know how we felt, just imagine yourself placed in our position. Crops were not very sure on account of frost and if anything happened to destroy them entirely, it meant people would go hungry or bring supplies from "up north" which was very expensive.

We could see the storm in the distance coming from the north and I shall never forget the roar and rumble as it came nearer. The men were working in the mill which was near the house and my father-in-law came out and stood watching the storm. We never knew just what happened but presently he called us out to see and told us that the storm would not damage our crops. As we watched we discovered it had reached only up to the north fence and then began to let up. There was a few hail stones in the lower field and a dozen or two at the mill—just enough to show us what might have been.

After dinner father hitched up and took us down to see the result of the storm. We found hailstones an inch or more in diameter and they were piled two feet high in places against the fence where the flood had washed them down. Our hearts were full of gratitude that our crop had been saved.

On the Trails of the Old Kaibab

By Elsie C. Carroll

Chapter IX

HELEN had a sense of deflation. All the exhilaration of a half hour ago had been killed by the inexplicable inference in Tess' look. She still sat on Maje, undecided what to do. She saw Steve walk around to the pens, and knew he had gone to get ready for his "bronco-busting" exhibition. She shuddered. She didn't want to see it. She wanted to get away—and to cry over something she couldn't explain.

Turning Maje to the south she rode, unobserved, to the edge of the forest. Not caring where she went, she gave the horse the reins.

Maje chose a trail they had been on before. It wound through a dense growth of aspen trees to a small clearing where there had once been a cabin and a corral. Steve had told her this was one of Uncle Jim Owen's old camping grounds.

She rode directly to the tiny spring where Steve had brought her after her roping practice one day. Now she recalled each detail of that afternoon. He had produced sandwiches and chocolate bars from his saddlebag, and they had sat on the grass by the spring. They had knelt to drink from the cold trickle that came from a tiny crevice in the rocks. She recalled just how Steve had looked as he stretched himself full length under the trees. An unruly lock of dark hair had tumbled over his forehead. As on other occasions she had felt an impulse to pat it back into place.

Suddenly the truth burst upon her.

She was in love with Steve Heyden!

Her face burned with the knowledge. She had left George's home not three months ago in anger and humiliation because George had allowed his affections to wander. It was incredible that in so short a time her hurt had healed and she could find her pulses quickening at the thought of another man.

She tied Maje to an aspen tree and slaked her thirst at the spring. Then she sat where she had sat that other day near Steve and stared helplessly up at the blue sky. She must face this new creature which was herself and try to understand what could have happened. She must decide what was to be done.

There were two things, she told herself, which should have made it impossbile for this to happen. First, the possibility that Steve Heyden's father had murdered her father. Second, the fact that she was George Latimer's wife.

What a paradox! She must conquer this strange new emotion.

But even as she made the resolution, she was recalling Steve's every word, every gesture since their first meeting, and wondering if he loved her.

The knowledge that Bernice Hawley loved him and that Tess Morley desired him, aroused in Helen the primitive impulse toward possession. She found herself arguing that Steve was not responsible for actions of his father. Even if his father had been a murderer, such sins should not be visited upon innocent children. Such a truth would be as horrifying to Steve as to herself.

And as for the other horn of her dilemma, she didn't belong to George now. He himself had broken the bond between them. In the experience of this new emotion, she knew that she never had really loved George. There had been congeni-

ality—infatuation perhaps—and the influnece of Aunt Nettie's approval. But all that—she now realized—was not love.

Steve did not love Bernice Hawley, but what of Tess Morley? Would he fall under her spell? She recalled Steve's face while Tess was twirling her lariat. Other men were victims of her lure; why not Steve Heyden? His foster mother lived with Tess. Doubtless he was there often. He had gone there for Lon. Was he but one of Tess' many? The thought was maddening.

If that were true, she could not remain on the mountain. Yet where could she go? Not back to Aunt Nettie and George. She could never return to her old life. The West had come to mean peace to her, and—home.

No matter which way her thoughts turned, she faced a wall.

A CRASHING noise on the trail beyond the spring startled her. She sprang to her feet as a horseman rode into the clearing.

It was Lon Dean. His horse was flecked with foam. It's nostrils were oozing blood. At sight of her Lon deliberated for a moment. Then he recognized Maje and he rode to her.

"You go find Steve," he commanded. "Tell him come quick. Steers gone. Tell him bring officers. Tell him I got clue. Tell him come to Jim's cave."

He sat waiting for her to act.

"Hurry. Tell him bring plenty help."

Comprehending but vaguely the significance of her instructions, but impelled by Lon's urgent manner, she mounted her horse and hurried on her strange errand.

The need of delivering Lon's message as soon as possible, drove all else from her mind.

By the time she emerged from the forest, it was growing dusk. She urged Maje to a run as she came into Pleasant Valley.

The rodeo would be over. Would Steve be with the crowd over at Tess Morley's?

As she neared the hotel, she could see long lines of cars driving toward the outer end of the valley from the rodeo grounds. That last scheduled event introduced by Steve's exhibition—how had it ended? Steve was to ride Demon, the meanest horse on the mountain. Then, each in turn, the contestants who had signed for the event, were to try to ride him. She was glad she had not stayed to watch.

She urged Maje on. Even now it was so late perhaps any effort to follow Lon's clue would be futile.

She drew near the flat. What a large group of people were in front of the hotel. Something had happened. Her heart sank.

She rode to the rear of the building and tied Maje to a tree. She entered the hotel through a side door and spoke to a bell-boy.

"Will you please go out there and ask Steve Heyden to come in here for a moment?"

He stared at her.

"Steve? Didn't you know it was Steve who got hurt?—maybe killed in the last event?"

Helen felt her knees giving way. She slid into a chair.

"No! No! Where is he?"

"They took him out to the Lodge. The doctor said he might have to operate."

For a moment she closed her eyes, then she asked,

"Is Uncle Billy Crossley here?"

"He went to help take Steve. It was sure a tough accident and busted up the rodeo. Too bad it was Steve that had to get it."

She groped toward the door. In a moment she was on Maje again headed toward Bright Angel Point. She had forgotten about Lon Dean out in the gathering night waiting for help. She was conscious of only one thing—she must see Steve and make sure he was not—going to die.

When Helen neared Bright Angel Point she asked herself what she was going to do when she reached the Lodge. She had but one clear purpose. That was to find out for herself how seriously Steve was hurt. What if he were dead? No! God wouldn't be so cruel! It was all a hopeless tangle. But—there was a sweetness even in her pain.

She reached the Lodge and left Maje at a hitching post.

"I came to inquire about Steve Heyden," she told the bell-boy. "He was injured at the V. T. rodeo this afternoon. Can you tell me how he is?"

Then she saw Bernice Hawley coming toward her. "I'll see if Dr. Grosbeck can come," the boy said, and left the two girls together. Bernice's face was swollen and stained with weeping. Helen reached for her hands, but Bernice drew back, and burst into a hysterical tirade.

"You lied to me. You said you were married. Dr. Grosbeck told me last night that you are separated from your husband. Why can't you let Steve alone? Aren't there other men just as good for all you and Tess Morley want of them?"

With an effort Helen controlled herself. Bernice was nothing but a child, and she was suffering.

"You mustn't talk like that, Bernice dear. You know the things you are trying to think of me are not true. Steve is my friend, just as he is yours? How is he?"

"I hate you. Why did you have to come out here and spoil everything? I hate you."

Helen forced calmness into her own voice.

"You mustn't make a foolish scene here, Bernice. Those people over there can hear you."

"I don't care who hears. I love him and I could have got him if women like you and Tess Morley had stayed where you belong. I hate you both." The girl rushed through the door to the balcony overlooking the canyon.

The bell-boy returned.

"Dr. Grosbeck is still busy."

"Do you know how Mr. Heyden is?"

"I think they found that he isn't hurt as bad as they thought at first."

"Thank you. Is Mr. Crossley here?"

"Uncle Billy? He's coming right there."

The old scout appeared through a swinging door and Helen hastened to meet him.

"How is he, Uncle Billy? Tell me what happened."

He took her hands and led her to a seat.

"I was glad you wasn't there. It was that vicious horse—Demon. We never should a let Steve do it. The beast threw him against the gate post and then tried to paw him to death. It looked like he would have him killed before we could do anything. Then Wood run for a gun and shot the animal."

"But how is Steve? He's not going to die!"

"The doctor thinks he'll be all right if they ain't no internal injuries. It seems like a miracle after seein' what happened."

Helen's hands were clenched. Uncle Billy watched her face.

"Where was you when it happened?"

Now she remembered about Lon.

"Uncle Billy, Steve's steers are

gone, but Lon Dean says he has a clue."

"Lon? Can he remember what's happened? Where did you see him? You don't mean the steers in the south pasture that we've been watchin'?"

As calmly as she could, Helen told him all she knew.

"If Lon has found out the truth," he was very excited, "it may mean everything to you and Steve both. I must go and get some help—and find Lon."

"Do you want to take Maje? I can find a chance to get back to the Park tomorrow."

"Maybe that will be best, if you'd like to stay." He looked at her understandingly. "I come out in the doctor's car."

He held out his hand.

"Don't look so frightened." He patted her arm. "Steve's going to be all right—and maybe everything else is too." He'd read her secret.

After he'd gone Helen arranged for a room. She'd ask Bernice to share it with her. But she was told that Bernice had gone back to the Park with Pete Rockwood.

Helen left word for the bell-boy to call her as soon as Dr. Grosbeck was free. Then she went to her room and tried to relax.

She took off her riding clothes, had a hot bath, and lay down to try to compose herself. But she could not remain quiet. She put on her clothes and sat before the window overlooking the canyon.

What was she going to do? Did Steve love her? He'd been frightened that day Maje stumbled into the gopher hole and she had been knocked senseless. Another day she'd got something in her eye as they were riding and when he was trying to remove it by turning the eyelid back as she directed, his hands had trembled. When she'd caught her breath with pain as the speck was removed, he'd put his hands on her shoulders for a moment like a caress, then had turned quickly away and mounted his horse. There were other such trifling incidents, but they probably meant nothing. It was true what she'd told Bernice — Steve wasn't the kind of man who would permit himself to fall in love with another man's wife.

THERE was a tap at her door.

"Dr. Groesbeck will see you in the lobby," the boy told her.

Fred met her coldly. "Helen, I can't understand you. You're in love with Steve Heyden. I wouldn't have needed to be told. Your face betrays you. Does George have any idea of this real reason for your leaving him?"

"Oh, Fred, you are all wrong. I never saw Steve Hayden before I came here this summer. And I didn't know until this afternoon that I love him. You see, we have business interests that throw us together. His father and mine were partners in the cattle business out here years ago. Perhaps you didn't know that my father belonged to this country. That was why I came here instead of going someplace else when I had to get away."

He was still perplexed.

"Surely you don't think I'm the kind of creature Bernice Hawley has got it into her head that I am."

He laughed and took her hands.

"Of course not. I've known you too long for that. And of course I can understand that Bernice is just a jealous kid infatuated by an older man and that she isn't responsible for all she imagines."

"Thanks, Fred. And now will you tell me how he is?"

"We thought at first it was very serious. But as far as I can find

he has nothing but a few superficial injuries—a rather painful gash on his head and some nasty bruises where his body struck the gate. But if nothing of an internal nature develops, after he recovers from the shock, he'll soon be all right. By the way that Morley woman is still hovering around his door. What's her claim?"

Helen bit her lip.

"I don't know."

"You haven't had dinner and neither have I." Fred said. "It's after regular hours, but I'm on good terms with the kitchen staff; let's go foraging."

(*To be continued*)

Sarah Carmichael–Patriot Poet

By Mary Maurine Root

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago there lived in Salt Lake City a young woman who had a heart and mind snapping with life. Activity, we all know, can be of a mental as well as an external nature. Twinkling feet, flying hands and dancing tongues accompany the vivacity of physical responsiveness, but one can be perhaps more truly living whose body is quiescent, but whose spirit is throbbing with ideas and feelings, and who is experiencing vicariously the interests and events of a multitude of physical identities.

Sarah Elizabeth Carmichael (later Williamson) lived exuberantly this latter type of existence. Alert to the significance and beauty of the universe, she expressed her reactions in poetry which we recognize today as evincing many of the qualities of genius. We could analyze her work from a number of standpoints. One of the most striking impressions we can get of her, however, is that of a pure and ardent patriotism.

She fostered this patriotism until it became a virile, living part of her. It was a broad, a humanistic patriotism that she had. Sarah Carmichael was no chauvenist. Her attitude was not "right or wrong—my country!" She loved her native land as a mother who loves a child intelligently enough to chastise it for its faults. She identifies herself with its welfare so intimately that its pathological condition keenly perturbed her.

PRECIOUS things must be considered earnestly, Miss Carmichael felt. The profound sincerity of her nature would not tolerate without violent protest the "hollow laugh" and "putrid mirth" that essays to cover up a tragic reality. Evasion of the truth is far from noble, far from intelligent. Her sense of compatible values stimulated a chafing that would not easily subside as she saw the incongruity of the "tremble of ivory keys" side by side with the "passionate throb of drums." "Soulless pageantry" and "mimic strife" are appropriate accompaniments in the duel for a "jewelled glove," perhaps, but they are egregiously out of place in a struggle for a nation's life.

Several of Miss Carmichael's nature poems are tinctured, not only with a local patriotism—born of appreciation for the beauties which she saw and felt around her—but with her concern for the entire nation in its crisis. Her poem, "The Mines," which gives expression to her love for, and pride in, the West, implores that men "bring the nation's wealth to the nation's need"; but in "California" we see this localized patriot-

ism combined with her heartfelt national loyalty. The third verse is most characteristic:

"Cheer for the coast where the billows sing!
The proudest plume of an eagle wing,
The brightest ray of a starry ring—
California!
Pouring the wealth of her yellow veins,
And her ruby gems, on the battle plains—
True to the core of her deep, warm breast:
All hail! thou glorious queen of the West—
California!"*

Isolated as she was Sarah Carmichael eagerly kept in touch with happenings in the eastern and southern states. In "The Flag at Sumpter" we see her typical reaction to one of the initial events of the war. Here is the first verse:

"Yes, they have raised the Flag again—
Who dares to strike it low?
Its light burns into every vein
That hath one pulse to glow.
It is the same bright Flag that rose
Above expression's frown,
Our Land's first challenge to its foes—
Who dares to strike it down?"

The second and third verses of "Our Country" are especially indicative of her enthusiasm:

"Our country, ours! the tiniest flower
That lays a spangle on thy dust
And gleams amid thy turf, is ours!
And ours to guard, a sacred trust;
But tho' the latest blossom dies,
When madness tramples thro' thy bowers,
Still shine the stars in thy blue skies;
Our country still!—forever ours."

"Our country! ours!—thy glory shines
Upon the lowliest one whose claim
Is but a portion of thy sod—
A heart-thrill woven with thy name.
But were the shaft of ruin thrown,
That flashes where the storm-cloud lowers
Thy hour of sorrow is our own!
Our country still!—forever ours!"

*The poems in this article are taken from *Poems by Sarah Carmichael*, published by Towne and Bacon, San Francisco.

poetry, the sincerest human emotions are woven into one integrated universal appeal. From several points of view, "Abraham Lincoln's Funeral" ranks, I think, as Sarah Carmichael's masterpiece. To be appreciated adequately it must be read in full:

Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
All rivers sea-ward wend.
Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Weep for the nation's friend.

Every home and hall was shrouded.
Every thoroughfare was still,
Every brow was darkly clouded,
Every heart was faint and chill.
Oh! the inky drop of poison
In our bitter draught of grief!
Oh! the sorrow of a nation
Mourning for its murdered chief!

Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Bound is the reaper's sheaf!
Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
All mortal life is brief.
Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Weep for the nation's chief!

Bands of mourning draped the homestead,
And the sacred house of prayer;
Mourning folds lay black and heavy
On true bosoms everywhere.
Yet there were no tear-drops streaming
From the deep and solemn eye
Of the hour that mutely waited
Till the funeral train went by.
Oh! there is a woe that crushes
All expression with its weight!
There is pain that numbs and hushes
Feeling's sense, it is so great.

Strongest arms were closely folded,
Most impassioned lips at rest;
Scarcely seemed a heaving motion
In the nation's wounded breast;
Tears were frozen in their sources,
Blushes burned themselves away;
Language bled through broken heart-threads;
Lips had nothing left to say.

Her most sublime patriotic poem, however, emanates much more than patriotism. In it, as in all great

Yet there was a marble sorrow
In each still face, chiseled deep—
Something more than words could utter,
Something more than tears could weep.
Selfishly the nation mourned him,
Mourned its chieftain and its friend;
Eye no traitor mist could darken,
Arm no traitor power could bend;
Heart that gathered the true pulses
Of the land's indignant veins,
And, with their tempestuous spurnings,
Broke the slave's tear-rusted chains.
Heart that tied its iron fibres
Round the Union's starry band,
Martyr's heart, that upward beating,
Broke on hate's assassin hand!

Toll! Toll!
Toll! Toll!
Never again—no more—
Comes back to earth the life that goes
Hence to the Eden shore!

Let him rest!—it is not often
That his soul hath known repose;
Let him rest!—they rest but seldom
Whose successes challenge foes.
He was weary, worn with watching;
His life-crown of power hath pressed
Oft on temples sadly aching—
He was weary, let him rest. . . .

Toll, bells at the Capitol!
Bells of the land, toll!
Sob out your grief with brazen lungs—
Toll! Toll! Toll!

SARAH CARMICHAEL'S life had an ironically sad ending. She who had been mentally so alert, so aware of the essence of living, was doomed to exist for over a quarter of a century a victim of mental vacuity. Of all things she had dreaded death most—not death of the body, but spiritual, emotional death brought on by a soul shrivelled up by cowardly and ignoble attitudes. She loved life—noble, pulsating, spiritual life, of which her patriotism was a sample. A stream of consciousness vibrating with gentle, sympathetic, sensitivity: this was her recipe for ideal living. This philosophy she voiced in her poem "The Dead," the last verse of which reads:

Weep for the dead; not those who claim
Immortal life on the scroll of Fame;
Not for the soul that feared but shame;
Not for the life that reached its aim;
Not for the step that marked in flame
Print of a hero's tread.
Weep for the dead that breathe and speak;
Dead, with a life bloom on the cheek;
Dead, for they have no aim to seek;
Dead to the core—dead!
Dead as the use of a wasted hour;
Dead as the dew on a poison flower;
Dead as a soul's crime-palsied power—
Dead!

LIKE all nobly intelligent characters, Miss Carmichael had learned that real living consists of forgetting self in the process of feeling for life pulses outside of one encased identity. She sensed that "He who loseth his life shall find it." The only poem in which she deigned to deal with such an unimportant subject as herself was in her last one, which she wrote just before her mental collapse. This poem seems to have been a premonition. Beautiful in its weird, yet sweet, solemnity, it reveals so poignantly the bewildered, conflict-stricken Sarah Carmichael Williamson that we find ourselves enmeshed within the grips of a tragic qualm, sublimely conscious of "tear-drops" that "inward bleed."

LAST POEM

Down by the river,
The dark, flowing river
That flows to eternity's sea,
Pray to the Giver,
To God, the Good Giver,
And pray for my venture and me.

Cold it is, dark it is,
Hushed as my heart it is,
Beautiful river sublime;
Many ships fail on it,
Still as they sail on it—
Strange, crooked river of time!

Down by the riverside,
Wreck-covered riverside,
Pray for my venture and me.
Pray for us, pray for us,
Solemnly say for us,
"God guide thee safe to the sea."
Strong is the river-tide,
Rough is the riverside—
Pray for my venture and me!

The Greatest Art

By Clara Perman

NO career is greater than that of home-making; the greatest art is that of raising a wholesome child. Mothers who know that the success and happiness of their children depend upon their social and emotional adjustment have eagerly sought help on this matter commonly known as behavior and discipline. They have joined clubs where authorities on child psychology lecture on progressive methods in child training, have read books and magazines on this subject, and have gone to open forums for the purpose of discussing it. However, so many criticisms of the modern psychological procedures in child training have come to my attention recently that I am led to think that many mothers have become discouraged, bewildered, and have failed in their attempts to master this greatest of arts.

An article entitled "We Scapegoat Mothers," which appeared in the May issue of the Household Magazine, "Unspanked Boy Shows How Dad's Fine Idea Works," a news story recently published in the Denver Post, and a paper read in club not long ago entitled, "Junior Among The Quacks," all tended to show that the modern ideas concerning the rearing of children were held in contempt and announced a determination on the part of mothers to do away with these fanatic psychological theories and return to the old tried and true methods. But it is well for them to be reminded that although we may have some trouble with our new automobiles, not one of us has traded in for a horse and buggy.

POSSIBLY a great deal of this criticism arising from failure on the part of mothers is because of (1) lack of understanding due to a limited psychological background—danger in a little knowledge, (2) an abrupt change from old methods to the new before its deeper significance is sufficiently assimilated, (3) realizing their inability to use the newer methods they are fearful to use any, (4) the modern idea is found too difficult, requires more patience—thinking.

One example of a misunderstanding due to limited knowledge of the psychologist's meaning is that of a mother who was told that the personality pattern of the child was absolutely set at the age of five. When later a minister tried to impress upon her the importance of having her children form habits of church attendance she replied, "Oh, what's the use? What they are going to be is all decided when they are five years old." Another mother having heard that parent-domination will kill the initiative and spontaneity of a child mistook the freedom advocated for indulgence, told me for that reason she was doing nothing at all with her youngest one. It was most evident.

These are only two proofs that some parents are jumping at hasty conclusions before weighing them in the balance. If they were taking up the art of painting or of playing the piano what would they do about it?

The fearful mother is to be pitied. She realizes that she is not well grounded in the later thought. Having listened to talks about repres-

sions, fixations, inhibitions, and complexes, she actually cringes before a disciplinary problem in her home.

The parents who hold the new methods in contempt after a few trials because it is so much easier and quicker to take the strap down from the wall can certainly not expect to attain any skill whatsoever in the art of raising children, for skill requires thinking, practice, thoroughness.

IT is easy to be seen then that psychologists are being denounced because they are trying to make childhood happier, are attempting to emancipate it from the slavery of domination, are working to develop wholesome integrated personalities. Never do they advocate the theory of letting children grow like weeds. Mothers must ever stand ready to advise, suggest, reason with children by showing them the difference between right and wrong. Domination is far less injurious than absolute indulgence. And if a child's personality pattern has a few flaws there is all the more reason why he should have training in the formation of good habits. Naturally we wish to decrease the number of repressions and inhibitions which will undermine his chances for success, but there are many other factors that enter into a child's life pattern before he is twenty-one so there is no child-training expert who would advise turning him out at the age of five—a finished product.

PSYCHOLOGY wants to be helpful, not hopeless. Many adults take up the study of mental hygiene late in life and can do much with themselves by way of self-government. A parent's panicky fear will harm a child, so while gaining skill in the more progressive methods it is wise to keep in mind that, after all, we adults were raised by the old methods and although we are determined that our children live in a more progressive generation, we ourselves are not absolute failures. Old methods are assuredly more successful than no method at all. What will be the reaction of a mere baby who constantly hears a tearful, "I am just simply powerless. I can't do a thing with my child!"

I AM reminded of my first horseback ride. When my fiery steed (a livery stable nag about twenty years old) tossed his head and looked back at me with a wild eye I almost fell out of the saddle. Then when he passed an alley which led to a barn where he had once been kept he insisted upon going in; at my attempt to turn him he merely circled round and round knowing full well that I was afraid to pull the reins hard enough to make him go the way I wanted him to go. My ride got neither of us any place. It merely amounted to the satisfaction the horse got out of having his own way.

Now children know the exact minute the mother is afraid to pull the reins and they lose no time in making use of this new-found pleasure of being able to pull her around by the nose. I have yet to find the psychologist who does not assert that the child must always be made to feel the steadying hand of authority.

Some parents seem to have the idea that the only difference between the older and newer methods lies in the procedure—to spank or not to spank. The news item heretofore mentioned, "Unspanked Boy Shows How Father's Fine Idea Works," was nothing more than a caricature. The reporter quotes the father, a noted psychologist, as saying, "Spanking reflects the loss of control by parents. Diplomacy works

much better," then while the reporter proceeded to get father's theories concerning child government young son was snatching trinkets from the Christmas tree and smashing them, throwing blocks around the room, and hurling books at the photographer. Now the news story related only that the parents did not spank. Whether they were using other methods of controlling him such as attempting to divert his interests, substitute another activity as an outlet for his emotions, isolating him, or depriving him of other pleasures was not stated. The readers were undoubtedly left with the impression that all psychologists allow their children to rule the home, wreck the furniture, and be a continual menace to the nerves of any one who perchance might visit them.

Because they did not immediately snatch the child up and spank him, because they were willing to sacrifice a few Christmas ornaments in order to substitute a more reasonable approach, the reporter was contemptuous. His method would have been the easier way, no doubt. Although many spankings have been administered by perfectly controlled parents there is really nothing constructive about that form of punishment. It usually builds up only resentment toward the parent and fails to impress any principle toward right conduct. And spanking is not the most cruel punishment as is commonly assumed. I have seen mothers too tender-hearted to spank who resorted to much more barbaric forms of torture. Making a child sit perfectly still for any length of time or tying him to assure the lack of movement is decidedly more injurious to the nervous system. Humiliation in any form is the least constructive.

THE positive rather than the negative attitude will aid parents greatly in perfecting this art of raising wholesome children. If all the don'ts were substituted with do's there would be little cause for disciplinary measures. Children must be taught that there are certain laws which if obeyed will bring pleasure and if disobeyed will bring grief. It is wrong to think that we *should* keep a child in a blissful state of happiness regardless of what he does. He must know that it depends upon his conduct. As soon as he has absorbed and makes use of the knowledge that the most absolute freedom is a matter of the most perfect control his adjustment is assured. That is the freedom which is advocated by the psychologist. He can offer no prescription as a panacea for the social and emotional adjustment of every child. He can give only the underlying principles and mothers must fit them to the individual needs of each child just as she regulates the medicine which a physician prescribes.

BEHAVIOR is responding to stimuli. Parents must provide higher motives to prompt conduct. They must have well-formed opinions, definite goals. No child can have respect for parents who are foolish, flighty, not dependable, or who have other interests of more paramount value than caring for his needs. A child must feel support and comfort in the home; this means that parents must be stable, consistent, not stern one day and indulgent the next which will wreck the stability of any child. In a happy home where parents love and respect each other, where children are wanted, and where spiritual values are not slighted we seldom find the mal-adjusted child. The emotionally unstable mother who recently hacked

her daughter to death because she begged for pretty clothes is a fitting example of a home where higher values have never been considered. A girl who has been well grounded in principles of right conduct will not beg for pretty clothes from a mother who is living on ten dollars a month from a relief fund.

NO art can be perfected unless the apprentice is willing to devote much of his time to it. Parents should take time to explain directions which are often puzzling, their reasons which are not always clear, their criticisms of the child's actions which are not always understood. This time taken now will repay them a thousand fold in interest on the principle being deposited, for good habits are much more easily formed in babyhood than later if bad habits must first be broken.

CHILDREN learn self-control through the self-control of their parents. A maxim often given teachers will apply as well to parents—"Until one has learned to control himself he cannot expect to control others." Temper tantrums can, as a rule, be ignored. Let the child see that he accomplishes nothing when he resorts to them which will prove to him eventually that it is a silly indulgence. Avoid emotional tension, attempts to make him angry or jealous so that you may laugh at his outbursts. I have seen children teased by their parents even to the point of telling them untruths so that the children never quite knew when to expect truth and when to expect horseplay. This will never teach them how to face situations frankly which should be one of the first steps in the child's development. A child often becomes defiant, destructive, discourteous, or irritable because he is unhappy. Prolonged unhappiness is dangerous. It is well to ferret out the cause and build up in him a means of averting it. Most of our unhappiness is brought on by ourselves. If a child is laughed at when he voices a serious opinion he will withdraw, not attempt to become independent in solving his problems. Encourage his opinions, respect them as you guide them. In this way you will build up self-reliance.

IF the child is taught co-operation in the home he will not find co-operation difficult when his circle in society widens. Freedom? Yes—but always with respect to the rights of others. Noise? Of course. Mothers and teachers are two classes of women who can't have nerves that revolt against noise—and by that I mean a happy healthy noise. Never-the-less in the home there should be no noise when guests come, when some one is asleep or ill. Very small children are amenable to reason and willingly try to do their part. Very few children are not eager for responsibility unless it is killed by over-indulgent parents. All of us must "pay our way" through life. It is well to learn this early. Saving a child from all responsibility, making him despise healthy labor in order that he may have memories of a pleasant childhood may be the means of leaving him with nothing but pleasant memories when he becomes an adult.

PERSISTENCE is one of the chief traits to be developed. It has been the means of bringing success to the person who would not rank high on the mental scale. A combining form of intellect and persistence makes up the world's greatest leaders. Although we cannot

change the inherited nerve system of any child, parents can do much in the way of encouraging persistent effort. Concentrated interest is often a matter of early habit formation. Sincere and independent effort should always be praised; avoid demanding a too difficult task, either in work or in play, or presenting too many interests at one time as crayolas for drawing, blocks for building, games, and books. He will flit from one to the other and may not complete any one task that he undertakes. Concentration may be helped by having him think out answers to questions. So often a slipshod "I dunno" suffices. And I don't mean tiring children to death with endless questions or making concentration a trial of endurance—it can all be done in a spirit of fun. Let them enter into the conversations and discussions, praise good ideas, it will help them to get the listening habit as well as the thinking habit. They will be gathering a store of information which they can give out, and will also develop a keener interest in what is going on about them. An interesting personality is in the making.

Sportsmanship should be taught from the beginning. It is so easy for mother, father, big brother and sister to let baby win in all the games and races, to let him have first turn or a turn any time he pleases. We do this at first, of course, to build up his confidence—then gradually he should learn to take his turn as well as defeat with a smile as we do. Let baby share with parents and big brothers and sisters just as they share with him. If a child learns to share nobly, to be considerate and courteous in the home there need be no fear that his adjustment to society will be a failure. All the effort and time spent in teaching the child higher values will result in a poise and confidence that mark well a mother's skill in the greatest art.

VALENTINE DAY'S MESSAGE

By Ann Jarvis

If I could play an angel's harp,
What hidden rapture I'd betray!
I'd pluck the strings; they'd sing and swell
And burst into a joyous lay.

But I'd much rather play on you,
Your heartstrings are my instrument;
I like to hear them sing and swell
And burst into a compliment!

Little Moments of Eternity

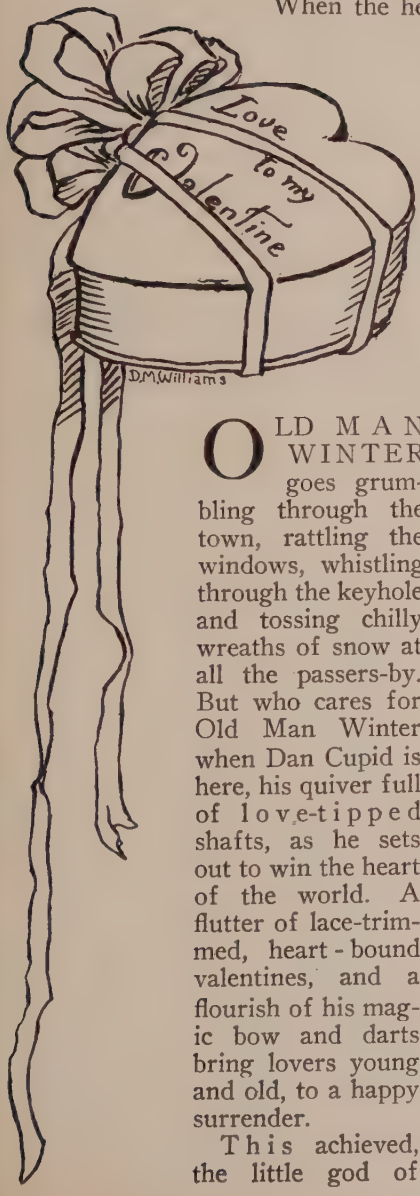
WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THEM?

By Lella Marler Hoggan

VALENTINES

Take Time for Love

"Oh, the world is full of beauty
When the heart is full of love."
—*Mrs. M. W. Hackleton.*



OLD MAN WINTER goes grumbling through the town, rattling the windows, whistling through the keyhole and tossing chilly wreaths of snow at all the passers-by. But who cares for Old Man Winter when Dan Cupid is here, his quiver full of love-tipped shafts, as he sets out to win the heart of the world. A flutter of lace-trimmed, heart-bound valentines, and a flourish of his magic bow and darts bring lovers young and old, to a happy surrender.

This achieved, the little god of love curls up on a soft cushion before the fire and falls asleep. In some homes the warmth of his gentle presence permeates the whole year, bringing messages of love and kindly deeds to cheer and bless the members of the household; valentines of action, of wholehearted loveliness, that lift a burden of woe from the heart of humanity and sweeten and ennoble life.

Cupid's dimpled feet have long since made a path of love that leads straight to happiness. It is easy to find for it is the beaten highway of the heart. There are guide posts, too, to hold one to the course: Understanding Hearts, Trusting Confidences, Abiding Faith, Rose-Col-

ored Romances and Family Traditions. The stop signs at irregular intervals, are for little silent prayers and expressions of appreciation. At the wayside inn one may loiter awhile and refresh oneself with stories and rhymes, songs and pictures and bits of laughter. All along the way there are trusting blue skies, broad meadows of contentment, laughing brooks and sweet scented blossoms. The passport to this delightful trip is Loving Service, and at the close of the journey one registers in the substantial book of Achievement.

The blazed trail of the little god of love leads to gladness today and tender memories tomorrow, and happy are they who have found it and who keep straight to its course.

There are other paths that one may follow, aye, that some do follow; paths crooked and broken, that lead to disappointment and regret, and sometimes to despair. From the crossroads one may look back and see the lost joys and vanished dreams, that a little time and patience could have saved.

WHICH road have we chosen to travel through the coming year? Is the little god of love guarding our hearth stone? Will his gentle presence direct us to the highway of happiness?

The lovely graces that sweeten life cost so little, and yet bring such rich returns.

"To be polite is to do and say
The kindest things in the kindest way."

Babies thrive on love, half-grown boys hunger for a word of approval, and sweet young girls just have to have a confidant. Loving words lighten father's heavy burden, and little tokens of affection brighten the weary hours of Mother's service. Grandfather and Grandmother rejoice in knowing that they are not outgrown. "And all the world loves a lover." Dr. Frank Crane said, "In love lies our common divinity."

THE long ago child shared with his parents in what Tolstoy called "bread labor." He helped to produce the food as well as to prepare it for the table. Busy parents of today spend less time with their children. Are we forgetting that what brings gladness today may be outgrown tomorrow? Shall we awaken some morning to the realization that Betty has outgrown her dolls and doesn't need the blue silk doll dress and the little cradle quilt she has longed for these many years; and that Dick's Indian war bonnet that lies unfinished in the old chest has lost its thrill for a young fellow who is beginning to think about dates with his best girl friend?

Are we so busy that we can not find time for the lovely confidences with our children that would bring our lives closely together? Are we going to let some other person take our place in their hearts? Some person whose influence may be less wholesome than ours would have been, had we only claimed our beautiful privilege.

What is sadder to recall than the tears of disappointed youth, unless it is the lament of a broken-hearted mother who weeps, when it is too late, that she

"Did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought her only good."

THE happiest mothers never permit themselves to grow old. Helen was sure she was too busy to fix a play dinner for Mollie, besides, there was nothing to fix. But when Grand-

mother's twinkling eyes looked into Mollie's little crestfallen face, she grasped the situation at a glance, for Grandmother, as she often remarked, "had not raised eight children for nothing."

"Why, Helen dear," she laughed, "you're too grown up. Now persons like Mollie and me, who are in their perpetual childhood, know very well that one apple, two soda crackers and a glass of milk make a perfectly sumptuous banquet, especially when one has a pink candle and a green napkin left from the birthday party."

WHOLESOME stories, gay little songs and happy jokes are as oil on troubled waters. The repetition of rhymes and jingles, each child quoting in turn, is a delightful pastime, and can be carried on right along with one's work.

The game of Traveling gives quiet fun and laughter. One person goes on an imaginary journey, and the others guess where he is and what he is doing.

"You are at the North Pole in Santa Claus' toy shop, "guesses Nellie."

"You are riding down the Nile on a crocodile's back," suggests Jack.

"You are sailing around the world," ventures Ruth. While all the time the traveler is quietly resting under the lid of the Queen's sugar bowl. And so the fun goes on and tired children forget to be fretful.

There are many little traditions that promote the happiness of children. What child is not delighted to hang his stocking by the tree on Christmas eve, and to set a bowl for the shakings of Santa Claus' bag on New Year's eve? When a child has done a kind deed or performed a difficult task, one wise teacher suggests that the Good Fairy reward him by leaving a gift in his shoe or under his pillow. In some homes the Jolly Goblins leave gifts on the table on Hallowe'en night; valentines are tucked under the door and candy hearts under the dishes, on the morning of Valentine's Day. And on April the first, gingerbread boys are found hiding under the overturned plates. Children who bravely submit to having a tooth extracted, may put the tooth in an envelope under their pillow, and they are rewarded the next morning by finding a coin in the envelope.

Lovely letters telling children that they are appreciated, that they have accomplished creditable tasks and that their life is really very much worth while, give them courage and determination to succeed.

Let us

"Build a little fence of trust around today
Fill the space with loving work and
therein stay."

No child wants to confess that he is afraid or that he has failed or done wrong. It is not easy for any person, young or old, to admit that he has weaknesses. But if such condition exists, it is to the eternal betterment of the child if he can talk the matter over freely and confidentially with one of his parents, whose loving sympathy will help him to make matters right and to reestablish his self-respect and self-confidence.

It is of greater value to a young person to inspire him with a supreme faith in the ultimate purpose of life, and confidence in his superior worth, than to present him with a gift of gold.

While little Dan Cupid guards the heart of the home, the firelight playing across his sunny curls, let us rest in the security of his gentle presence. And let us make a solemn promise

to ourselves that no day shall pass by in which we do not perform some loving service for the uplift and the happiness of others.

"Every storm bends rain-bows
Over the world so wide,
Every road is a bright road
When love is by your side.
And poverty seems riches
The whole world might divide,
And heaven to earth draws nearer
When love is by your side."

—*Frank L. Stockton.*

THE PRICELESS GIFT

By Viola Stone Card

Dear Lord, if in thy gracious hand
Thou hast a gift for me,
Grant me not wealth of treasures, rare,
Nor ease, nor luxury,
Nor fame, that fragile, tinsel toy
That only brings synthetic joy;
All these are vain; they pass away—
Mere shadows of the real;
And so, my gracious Lord, I pray—
Before thy throne I kneel—
And humbly plead for Wisdom's Light,
A lamp to make my pathway bright;
If only just a tiny spark
Of thy eternal Flame,
To guide me safely through the dark
And glorify my name
Among the blessed Sanctified—
Redeemed Ones for whom Christ died.

Relief Society Playlet on the New Testament

By Alberta Stake Board

Characters: Father, Mother, Rex, aged 12 years; Grace, aged 14 years; John, aged 8 years; May, aged 6 years.

Mother, father and children seated as a family group.

Father and mother appear to have been discussing the Relief Society project.

Father: But I don't see where an outline like this is going to be much help in studying the New Testament. If I had anything to do with outlining a study course I would have them read the whole book.

Mother: But, father, you don't seem to know just what is wanted. The General Board of Relief Society asked us to get a general outline of the New Testament discussed in every home now and the reading of the books may come later. Word has been brought back home from the mission field that our boys and girls know very little about the Bible when they enter their field of labor. Sometimes the missionaries use weeks of their valuable time learning some of the fundamental things that they should have known before leaving home. Not long ago one returned missionary told me that before entering the mission field he knew nothing of the Ten Commandments, Christ's Sermon on the Mount or even a passage of scripture. He could not repeat the names of the books of the Bible and many of us here at home are in the same predicament.

John: How many books are there in the New Testament?

Grace: About thirty, aren't there, mother? I know the Old Testament has thirty-nine books.

Rex: I don't think that's right, Grace. I know of a good way to remember the number of books in the New Testament.

John: Tell us, Rex, so we'll all know.

Rex: There are three letters in "New," (spells n-e-w) and nine letters in Testament (spells t-e-s-t-a-m-e-n-t). Three times nine are twenty-seven.

Father: Fine idea. Where did you learn that?

Rex: Mother and I have been figuring it out.

Mother: We not only want to know how many books there are in the New Testament but should also know just a little of what each book contains.

John: My teacher wants us to read the story of the Life of Christ and I don't know where to find it in the Bible.

Mother: Daddy will show you if you would like him to.

Father: You see, the Life of Christ is told in the first four books of the New Testament.

Rex: Father, I know what those books are.

Father: Fine. Let's hear you repeat the first four books.

Rex: (repeats) Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

Father: Very well. There are more of the things that Jesus taught in the Book of Matthew than any other book of the New Testament. What are a few of the teachings of Matthew, Grace?

(Grace then repeats the Beatitudes.)

Father: Now, there is another difference between the writings of Matthew and the writings of Mark which helps us distinguish between them. Matthew contains Christ's teachings and Mark tells of the miracles he performed. Rex, you may tell us of the miracle of the feeding of the five thousand recorded in Mark, 6th Chapter, commencing with the 30th verse.

(Rex then repeats the story of the miracle.)

John: (who has the Bible, looking at it) Mother, I never knew until now where the story of the Prodigal Son was. It makes me feel like I can forgive everyone when I read that beautiful story.

Mother: There always was a moral in all of the parables of the Savior, John. But we are forgetting one of the most important things in our discussion. We are asked by our Relief Society president to have the story of the birth of Christ told in every home and we would appreciate having you tell us the story of His birth, John.

(John tells the story contained in Matthew, 2nd chapter, 1st to 20th verses.)

Father: You may learn the names of the books and have your stories but give me a good sermon. Now take Paul, for instance, he tells us——

Mother: Yes, I know it is all told in Acts, Romans, 1st and 2nd Corinthians, Galatians, Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, 1st and 2nd Thessalonians, 1st and 2nd Timothy, Titus, Philemon. Father, you know I dare not let you get started on Paul's teachings for you don't know where to quit. (laughs)

Father: I only wanted to speak of the wonderful personality of Christ when he had reached his manhood and for us not to forget what he did for the world as well as the example he set us.

Rex: (standing and throwing back his shoulders) When I grow to be a man I am going to be a Bishop.

Mother: (surprised) Why, Rex, whatever do you mean?

Rex: When our bishop was talking to us boys one day he turned over in his Bible like this (takes Bible and hunts around) and told us what a Bishop has to do and be.

Father: Son, did you say your bishop found that in the Bible?

Rex: Yes, father, it is there.

Father: Well, son, I guess you will have to find it. I can't.

Rex: (takes Bible and turns quickly to 1st Timothy, 3rd Chapter, 1st Verse. Places book before father and reads) "If a man desireth the office of a bishop he desireth the good work," and in Titus, 1st Chapter and 7th Verse it says, "For a bishop must be blameless as the steward of God, not self-willed, not soon angered, not given to wind, no striker, not given to filthy lucre."

Father: Good. Now grow up fast my boy. (pats him on the shoulder) Nothing would please me better than to some day see you made a bishop.

May: (who has been holding a doll, rises up) Don't they say anything in the Bible about our prayers, Daddy?

Father: What do you know about that? I thought my little girl was only thinking about her doll. It is one of the greatest teachings of Christ. I wonder if my little girl could say the Lord's Prayer as contained in the New Testament.

(The little girl repeats the Lord's Prayer as found in Matthew, 6th chapter, 9-13 verse.)

Father: We cannot get very far without faith and prayer in this life.

Grace: I read a most remarkable story from the Bible on faith and prayers the other day, mother. Would you like me to relate it?

(Grace then relates story, Queen Esther.)

Father: A great understanding has come to me, mother, and I am in hearty accord with you on this project. I did not realize what it would mean to a family to learn the books of the Bible and what they contain and where to turn to things when needed. I find I will have to brush up myself.

Grace: Let's see who can be first to learn the project.

Mother: I would like our family to be first to report 100%.

All: We will do it, mother.

How Mother Does It

By Bergeta Williams

(A peep into the Dean home at the close of the day.)

The scene is the dining room of the Dean home. A pleasant, cheerful room, with buffet and easy chairs.

As the curtain rises, Mrs. Dean is busy setting the table for the evening meal. She hums softly as she works, twice she goes to the window and looks out into the fast gathering dusk.

Mrs. D.: (agitatedly) It's almost dark and the children not home from primary yet. I do wish they would hurry; (glances up at clock) only five thirty, it gets dark so early these winter evenings. (She turns on the light and resumes her work at the table, that finished she turns toward the kitchen, when an outer door opens and Madge, a girl of about seventeen, enters. She is dressed in a pretty wool dress and jacket and carries an armful of books, which she drops onto a nearby table.)

Madge: Bus was late again, I wish we could get home early once in a while. Did you get my dress finished?

Mrs. D.: Yes, all pressed and everything.

Madge: Gee, ma, you're a peach. (Kisses her on both cheeks.)

Mrs. D.: Where's Ted?

Madge: Talking football with Elmer, he'll be here in a minute. Is dad home yet?

Mrs. D.: No, but he'll be here any minute now.

Madge: Have I got time for a bath before supper? I'm simply fagged. (starts for stairs without waiting for an answer) Mom, guess who dated me for the dance tonight?

Mrs. D.: Oh, Bob, I guess.

Madge: Harold Eastman, and am I thrilled! (she dashes up the stairs)

Mrs. D.: (softly) My little girl, almost a woman. (hurries into kitchen)

The door opens to admit Ted, a good looking youth of about fifteen. He drops his books onto the table beside Madge's, and starts toward the kitchen, calling.

Ted: Oh, ma, what have we got for supper? I'm starved.

Mrs. D.: (enters with a plate of cake) Hello, son, how's everything tonight?

Ted: Swell. Can I have a piece of cake? (tries to take a piece, but she pushes him playfully away)

Mrs. D.: Now, son, you wait for

supper; you know cake isn't good for you on an empty stomach.

Ted: Anything would be good for a stomach as empty as mine. Just a bite, you don't realize how hungry I get. (tries again to take a piece, but she eludes him and places cake on table)

Mrs. D.: You can taste the tester, I tried out a new recipe that I saw in the "Relief Society Magazine."

Ted: Well, if it's as good as it looks, I'll eat my share. Oh, by the way, those were sure swell sandwiches you sent for lunch today.

Mrs. D.: Were they good? I know how tiresome the same old lunches are every day, so I like to surprise you once in a while with something different. I knew I had seen some snappy suggestions for school lunches in the *Relief Society Magazine,* so I tried them this morning, and this cake recipe sounded so good I just had to try it, too.

Ted: Boy, I hope my wife can cook, if I ever get one. (they go out laughing but return immediately with food which they place on table) There, this supper looks almost good enough to eat.

Mrs. D.: Now, if father and the children would only come. (a noise is heard outside) Maybe that's them now. (Ted goes out into kitchen, Mrs. D. starts toward outer door but before she reaches it, Harry Dean, a kindly man of about forty, and two children, Tom, ten, and Isabelle, eight, enter.)

Harry: (kissing Mrs. Dean) How's my girl?

Mrs. D.: All right. I'm glad you remembered to call for the children. (to children) Did you have a good primary?

Isabelle: Lovely! we have a new teacher, I like her.

Mrs. D.: (to Harry) How did things go at the office? (takes his hat) Supper's all ready. You children run and wash quickly.

Harry: Everything was A-1 today, Mary, but I'm always glad to get home to a warm supper, an easy chair and—you.

Mrs. D.: No blarney, now. (they go out together. Ted comes in and arranges chairs at table. Isabelle and Tom dash in and sit at table almost upsetting each other.)

Isabelle: Look, Tom, chocolate cake for supper. (Tom attempts to take a piece)

Ted: Say, won't you kids ever learn anything? Get up from there and wait until the rest get here—and let that cake alone. (tries to crack Tom's fingers with fork but Tom jumps back)

Tom: Well, good gosh, I'm hungry.

Mrs. D.: (In doorway) Now, boys, please be quiet, your father is tired. Isn't Madge down yet?

Isabelle: I'll get her. (runs to foot of stairs and calls) Madge, oh, Madge, we're ready to eat.

Madge: Coming.

Mr. D. enters and they take their places at the table.

Madge: (comes down the stairs dressed for the dance, she goes to Mr. D. and kisses him on the forehead, then stands back for inspection) How do I look, daddy?

Harry: Stunning, my dear, but when did we start dressing up for supper.

Madge: (takes her place) What night is this?

Harry: Friday the seventh. Oh, a dance, well, that's a very pretty dress you have.

Madge: Mother made it, I just love it.

Harry: Isabelle, you return thanks.

(they bow their heads and are silent a moment)

Tom: (raising his head first) Please pass the beans.

Madge: What did you get on that English test, Ted?

Ted: Oh, why bring that up?

Madge: My, but I have a lot of work this week-end. I have to write a theme and a book report and a dozen other things all for Monday. That geometry is worse than a Chinese puzzle.

Ted: Pooh! that's easy, write me a theme and I'll help you with geometry.

Madge: That's a go. Now, answer this one—name the ten most important women of the last one hundred years.

Ted: I'll take the last ten years—Ethel Barrymore, Greta Garbo, May West, Norma——

Madge: I didn't say movie actresses—silly.

Isabelle: Mamma, please spread my bread, this butter is hard.

Mrs. D.: (buttering bread) I believe I can help you with that one, Madge.

Madge: Can you, mom, that's swell, where did you find 'em?

Mrs. D.: Well, I always squeeze out a little time to read the *Relief Society Magazine,* if I don't read anything else, and just this afternoon I noticed a little item that gave the names of the twelve most important women in the last century.

Madge: Does that take a load off my mind!

Harry: Tom, don't make so much noise with that soup.

Isabelle: I am glad I was here yesterday when you had the Relief Society teachers; our Primary lesson was on the beatitudes, and I knew a lot about it after listening to the lesson they gave you.

Ted: Gee, ma, I wish that favorite magazine of yours would print some hot stuff on American Literature, so you could help me once in a while.

Mrs. D.: Well, our literary lessons are so excellent that maybe I will be able to help you some.

(There is a knock, Madge goes to the door and opens it.)

Madge: How do you do, Mrs. Leads, come in.

Mrs. L.: Good evening, everybody.

All: Good evening, Mrs. Leads. (Mr. and Mrs. D. rise)

Mrs. D.: Won't you have some supper with us?

Mrs. L.: Oh, no, thank you, keep your chairs. (Mr. D. indicates a chair and she sits) I am sending my orders for the *Magazine* in the morning and I wondered if you wanted to renew your subscription?

Ted: Oh, you don't have to ask mother that, Mrs. Leads, she just couldn't live without that magazine.

Mrs. D.: Well, it does seem almost indispensable.

Isabelle: Shall I get your bank? (Mrs. D. nods, Isabelle runs into bedroom and returns with paper bank) I wonder how much money you have?

Mrs. L.: Why, how unique!

Mrs. D.: Well, it's so hard to get that much money all at once that I made this little bank. It is always in plain sight on my dresser so if Harry has an extra quarter he drops it in, and even the children surprise me by adding a penny once in a while. (she opens the bank and counts the money, the family are interested spectators) Three dollars. (she holds up a one dollar bill) Harry, you must have put this in.

Harry: Maybe I did.

Mrs. D.: Here is the dollar for the magazine, and I will pay my fifty cent membership now, too.

Mrs. L.: Oh, thank you, Mrs. Dean, I am going to tell all of the sisters about your bank, it is surely a splendid idea. I must be going now as I have several others I would like to see before I send that order off. (at the door) Good-bye.

All: Good-bye.

Mrs. D.: Call again, Mrs. Leads. (exit Mrs. Leads)

Madge: Alice is going to fix my hair, may I run over there now? I won't be long.

Mrs. D.: Why, yes. It's Tom's and Isabelle's turn to wash dishes. (Madge goes)

Tom: Ah, heck, I was in hopes you'd forget.

Isabelle: Me, wash. (they begin clearing the table)

Ted: Are my pants pressed, ma?

Mrs. D.: Yes, I laid them out on your bed.

Ted: (goes to Mrs. D. and puts his arm around her) Say, Dad, we just couldn't get along without this efficient, little old lady, could we?

Harry: Well, hardly. She's just about as indispensable to us, as that much mentioned magazine is to her. (they laugh)

(*Curtain*)

A Secret Something Whispers

By Isaac B. Ball

ALMOST all Latter-day Saints have learned to love from infancy the old familiar poem and hymn, O My Father, in which are found these words,

"Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispers, 'You're a stranger here;'

The lines of the illumined English poet, William Wadsworth, are also often quoted, lines which begin,

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar."

But it seems entirely possible that most of us are not acquainted with the interesting fact that the eminent American poet, James Russell Lowell, in one of his inspired writings refers to a vague and ghostly "something" which stirred deep feelings within him so that he cried,

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went."

When you read Lowell's full quotation you see that he had equally clear intimations of immortality and a sense of a former holy habitation where our spirits did once in truth reside.

It may therefore be of some interest and of some value to here set down for contrast and for whatever use the reader may wish to make of them the three famous and clearest poetic expressions of that haunting "hunch" that possesses almost all of us at some enlightened moment of a fore-existence in some far-forgotten past. Of these three it may in all fairness and kindliness be said that the Utah poetess, Eliza R. Snow, seems to have stated her intimations in such a crystal and convincing manner as is not approached by the two poets of wider

acclaim. But in saying this we are in duty bound to add that she alone of the three favored ones enjoyed the high privilege to have had her own whispering, secret "something" confirmed, inspired and enlarged by a close personal association with Joseph Smith, the American Prophet, one of the world's greatest Seers, to whom these dim whisperings, which to the poetic nature were but mystic intimations, were subjects of heavenly visions and prophetic revelations from the Father to the children of men.

We shall begin therefore with the familiar Mormon classic, O My Father,

"For a wise and glorious purpose
Thou hast placed me here on earth
And withheld the recollection
Of my former friends and birth;
Yet oft-times a secret something
Whispers, 'You're a stronger here.'
And I felt that I had wandered
From a more exalted sphere."

And while this melody of word and thought is still lilting itself through the harp strings of your mind will you attend to these sweet strains from the Ode to Immortality, by William Wordsworth,

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting
And cometh from afar;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

Now that you are in the mood and current of this fine theme I joyfully bring you the soul-searching phrases of our beloved Lowell,—Lowell, our greatest American man of letters in variety of theme, power, and force,—Lowell, who gave us his Columbus, The Present Crisis, The Vision of Sir Launfal, and who now in the poem, In the Twilight, voices for us that which many feel but so few can express, his intimation that man was in the beginning with God,

"Sometimes a breath floats by me,
An odor from Dreamland sent,
That makes the ghost seem nigh me
Of a splendor that came and went,
Of a life lived somewhere, I know not
In what diviner sphere,
Of memories that stay not and go not,
Like music once heard by an ear
That cannot forget or reclaim it,
A something so shy it would shame it
To make it a show,
A something too vague, could I name it,
For others to know,
As if I had lived it or dreamed it,
As if I had acted or schemed it,
Long ago!"

THE contrast between these three is marked and distinct. Wordsworth is contemplating the babe and youth whom, he sees, come into life trailing clouds of divinity until it is all but lost in the world-blinded adult. Lowell is stirred by lovely glimmerings of a splendor and a life he felt he had lived somewhere in some diviner sphere, memories indistinct but unforgettable. Eliza R. Snow is uttering an invocation to the heavenly Father and Mother. She alone comprehends that the relationship in that happier estate was as real as the relationship that exists between any father and son or daughter on earth, that man's spirit is actually the offspring of Deity and that the proper mode of address to Deity is the Christ-taught phrase—"Our Father who art in Heaven."

We shall leave the reader to answer whether any of the three except the Utah poetess could have penned with clearness and conviction the last sublime verse of O My Father,

"When I leave this frail existence,
When I lay this mortal by,
Father, Mother, may I meet you
In your royal courts on high?
Then at length when I've completed
All you sent me forth to do,
With your mutual approbation
Let me come and dwell with you."

The Longest Journey

By Joseph L. Blaine

"WELL, young woman, are you glad you're married?"

Elaine stood in the curve of her tall husband's arm, leaning her shining dark, head lightly against his shoulder. They were looking at their wedding presents. Dishes, vases, silverware, linen, etc., were piled on the dresser, on chairs and peeking out of boxes in the corner of their bed room.

Peter and Elaine were going to live with Peter's mother. "Really, Elaine," Peter had said, "It would be more than foolish for us to buy a place of our own and leave mother alone in that big house. Father deeded the place to me before he died, but mother holds the deeds as long as she lives. You won't mind, will you? She is old and it would be pretty hard for her to live alone."

Elaine had agreed, although that had been the one shadow on their otherwise perfect marriage. Peter was everything she had dreamed of for her ideal man. She gloried in the strength and cleanness of his splendid, young manhood. She was so proud to be his wife. It was easy to see that he was admired and respected by young and old, alike, in the little community in which he lived.

A dear friend had said,

"Oh, Elaine, if you value your happiness at all, don't, for goodness sakes, try to live with your husband's mother! Our first months of marriage were perfect, then we moved in with Edward's mother. You know how things are with us now!"

Elaine did know, and it sent a little chill over the wealth of happiness that filled her days. She had laughed, however, and said, gaily,

"Oh, surely, I can get along with just one poor, old, lonesome woman. She's awfully sweet, really, and she must be ever so nice to have a son as grand as Peter!"

Now, she said, looking a little thoughtfully at the presents,

"Where shall we put them, Peter?"

"Oh, we'd just better box them up now, I guess. Mother has plenty of everything."

"We might just as well not have anything of our own," Elaine said quietly.

She had tried to say it ever so lightly, but somehow her disappointment sounded, all too plainly, in the quiet words. Peter turned quickly to look at her. Then he walked over to the bed and sat heavily down on the edge of it. Elaine, all repentance, flew after him and putting one arm around his neck, said breathlessly,

"Don't feel badly. I didn't mean anything."

The possibility that Elaine would not like to live in his Mother's home had never once entered his mind. He really loved the old home and it was wonderful to have his two dearest ones together in it.

"You don't like to live here!" grieved Peter.

"Of course I do, Peter, dear. Of course I do. I'd be happy anywhere with you," Elaine said quickly.

FOR three weeks Elaine was sole mistress of the big house. Peter's mother had gone to visit with his sister, Martha, who had a new baby. Before leaving, she had told

Elaine that she might do the spring cleaning, while she was away. Somehow, the cleaning of the strange, big, house, with all its enlarged pictures and its wealth of bric-a-brac, seemed the hardest task she had ever tried to do. She was afraid that she might do things wrong and she hadn't realized how tired she was from the three years of teaching school and helping care for her mother's home and the large amount of church work that she had done. Always she had loved to work in the church and being willing and capable, one task after another had been given her including several responsible positions in the different organizations. She had given her best to every task and responsibility and had counted each one a privilege and an opportunity, but now, with all of it, and the help she had given at home and teaching school, she was so tired. If only it could have been their own little home that she was to clean, how joyful the task would have been.

THE morning Peter's mother came home, bringing Martha and her two children with her for a visit, Elaine was still in bed. For the first time Peter had prepared his own breakfast.

"You stay in bed today, honey, I don't like the sound of that cold," he had said, tenderly, when she had started to get up.

The deserted breakfast table showed plainly that a man had fixed the breakfast and eaten it alone. Elaine felt that Peter's mother and sister saw and disapproved, although they greeted her warmly.

Peter came bounding in when he came from the farm.

"Hello, mother! Hello, there, Martha! Well, if it isn't great to see you! How's the new edition?" he cried, kissing them and laughing over the new baby.

DURING the weeks that followed, it seemed to Elaine that she never saw her husband alone. She learned to dread to hear,

"It is none of my business, of course, but if I were you——"

She knew that she seemed only a child to Peter's mother, who was really old enough to be her grandmother. If only she wasn't always so firm and so kind and so sure that with all her years and experience, she knew best and it was her duty to tell Elaine how to do everything.

IT really seems very extravagant to me to use cold cream," she said one day, "when soap and water are just as good. That's all I've ever used." Another day, when Elaine started to make a cake, she brought another recipe and said,

"Use this recipe. I've always found it very good and it only calls for one egg."

That time Elaine said rather firmly, and much to her mother-in-law's surprise, "I'd rather use this one, Mother Hartford."

It was the first and one of the few times that Elaine didn't do exactly as Peter's mother said to do. She stood by the table and looked the impersonation of disapproval as Elaine broke three eggs into the batter. Elaine felt so nervous at being watched so closely that she was sure that she would do something wrong. She could have cried when the cake fell and Mother Hartford said,

"It was too rich. There's no need of using three eggs. One egg makes as good a cake as anyone could ask for."

THE second ripple that disturbed the surface serenity was when Mother Hartford asked Elaine what she had done with the pictures that had hung on the walls of Peter's room and Elaine told her that she

had put them in the attic. Elaine had felt that she would scream if she had to look again at the dreadful prints in huge frames and Peter had taken them upstairs for her.

Elaine saw her mother-in-law's lips tighten.

"They will be ruined, lying up there in the heat. We've had them up for years and years. You'd better hang them up again."

This time Elaine said, a little stubbornly, "I won't have those pictures on the walls of my room!" Later Peter said, coldly, "It wasn't necessary to speak to mother like that."

"I'm sorry, dear, and I told her I was. I do wish we could buy a little home of our own. I feel like an outsider here. Your mother has her way of doing things and it's a good way, I know, but I'd like to do things my way, once in a while."

Suddenly she was weeping in his arms and he was kissing her and saying,

"Don't mind mother because she tells you how to do things. She's only trying to help you. She really loves you a lot. We both seem like kids to her. She was over forty when I was born you know."

MARTHA had visited with her mother and Peter and Elaine about five weeks and Elaine resented more and more that she and Peter were never alone. If only they could get away for an hour or so together.

One morning Peter came in to say that he had to go up to the springs to change the water and he thought he'd better go in the car.

"Oh, Mother Hartford, do you mind if I go?" Elaine cried eagerly. Jerking off her kitchen apron and hanging it behind the door, she was off, smoothing her hair as she ran.

An hour alone with Peter! It would be a life-saver. A nerve-saver at least! She squeezed herself up close against him and smiled happily into his face. Her smile vanished, quickly, when she saw the cold fury there.

"Why, Peter," she cried aghast, "Is anything the matter?"

"Honestly, Elaine, sometimes it seems as if you never think of anyone but yourself. Why couldn't you have asked mother and Martha to come along. They would have enjoyed the ride, too. Instead of that, you run off and leave them to get dinner!

In spite of the aching hurt and biting disappointment, Elaine said, contritely,

"Oh, Peter, I'm so sorry. Let's go back and get them."

"It is too late now, you should have thought of it sooner," Peter answered, coldly.

This was their first hour alone in weeks. It had meant so much to her and it meant only to him that she was thoughtless and unkind to his people. She had tried so hard to be good to them, to obey his mother and never to let them guess the feeling of resentment that lived in her heart because she couldn't know the joy of having Peter to herself, or of caring for a little home of their own.

WHEN Peter got out of the car to walk the remaining half mile to where he must change the water, she was desperately glad of the chance to be alone, so that she could cry. There was no one near and she could release the sobs that were choking her.

In the midst of her unrestrained weeping, she thought she heard someone call,

"Oh, Mrs. Hartford!"

She lifted her flushed and tear stained face to meet the surprised

and concerned one of an old farmer who lived on the nearest farm.

"I thought this was Peter's car," he said, "Jim, my boy, is so sick that I came over to see if Peter would help me to administer to him."

"I'll send him over just as soon as he comes," Elaine said faintly, controlling her voice with an effort, "He is just up turning the irrigating stream. I'm so sorry about Jim."

AFTER Peter had returned from the farm house he took Elaine tenderly into his arms.

"Oh, dearest, I'm so sorry I hurt your feelings. I love you so."

"Peter, dear, I've wanted so much, to be alone with you for a little while. We never are alone," she sobbed. "I thought you'd like it too."

It was wonderful to be in his arms. Wonderful to have him understanding and his own dear self again.

IN August Elaine went home for a short visit. It was good to see her friends, good to see her dear mother and father, her brothers and sisters, but after she'd seen and talked to them for a couple of days, she started to long for Peter. On the fifth day of her visit when she went down town to buy some things for her mother, she met a Mr. Warner from her new home town, who laughed and said,

"Just on my way home. Want to come along?"

He laughed still more at her eager, "Yes, oh, yes!"

Later as they were going through the mountanis a few miles from Heber City, Mr. Warner said, "Why there's Peter's team. He must be farther up, getting wood."

"Are you sure it is his team? If you are, please let me out here!"

Mr. Warner laughed again. These newlyweds! He waited until he saw the tall form of Peter wave his hat and start down the hill, as his young wife raced up it, then he set her suit case by the side of the road, smiled and waved, as she turned to call her thanks, and drove off.

In another moment Elaine felt the ecstasy of being in her tall husband's arms and hearing him say, between kisses,

"Darling, I've been so lonesome without you!"

A FEW days after Elaine came home, Peter burned his arm and she wrapped it in wet soda. When his mother came in and was told what had happened, she cried,

"Oh, soda is no good. I always use salty butter."

She quickly took off the bandage and applied the salty butter.

That night when Elaine cried about it, Peter said.

"But, sweetheart, she does know best. She is lots older and has had a lot more experience than you have."

So the old feeling of being a useless outsider came back again.

PETER'S brother, Joe, moved into a new brick house and his old adobe one was for sale.

"Oh, dearest, please let's buy it! I can't bear living here any longer. Your mother is grand, but it is an old saying that no house on earth is big enough for two women. I know we'd just love each other if we didn't live together. That house is near here, too, so she wouldn't be so lonesome.

"Why, Elaine, you don't want that old house. It's about to fall down," Peter teased, but he went to his brother and asked him about the house and Joe said he'd sell it for $600.00.

When Peter told Elaine that he

would buy the house if she really wanted it, she was delighted. She hurried to tell Peter's mother, who burst into tears,

"I didn't think that I had treated you so badly that you'd want to get away. I've tried to be good to you," she wept.

"Why, Mother Hartford, you've been grand to me, but it would be such fun to fix up that place!"

"Fun!" Mother Hartford sniffed, "the old thing will fall down on you!"

Later Elaine saw Peter a few minutes alone. "Your mother cried when I told her," she said soberly, "We'll have to forget about moving, I can't bear to make her feel so badly."

A FEW days later, Peter awoke with a heavy cold and by afternoon he had a slight fever.

"I'll put on hot packs wrung out of mustard water and then rub your chest with Vapo rub and you'll soon be all right," Elaine said, bringing in the towels and the hot mustard water.

"No, no!" cried Mother Hartford. "That wet would be sure to cause pneumonia! For goodness sakes, don't do that!"

"You'd better not do that," Peter said, "mother's doctored colds for years."

The old familiar feeling of being useless and futile descended upon her again. The afternoon dragged on and on. On Christmas night Joe came in to see how Peter was feeling and as the two brothers were talking, with their mother listening and joining in the conversation, Elaine slipped into the cold parlor. It was so silly to be always crying, she thought fiercely, as the tears ran down her face. She wasn't at all like herself anymore. She should have been called Niobe, for she was forever dissolving into tears."

She heard a step outside the door and hurried noiselessly over to the window, to stand looking unseeingly out. Peter's mother came into the moonlit dimness of the room.

"Whatever are you doing in here," she asked curiously.

"Oh just looking at the moon. It is wonderful tonight," Elaine answered faintly.

Really she hadn't been aware that there was a moon, but she was determined that her mother-in-law shouldn't know that she was weeping. She supposed that she would think that she was either crazy or heartless, standing here in the bitter cold of the seldom used parlor and looking at the moon, while her husband lay ill in their bed room.

"You'd better forget about the moon and come out where it is warm," Mother Hartford said shortly. "You'll be chilled to the marrow!"

THE next morning Elaine's head ached and felt as heavy as lead. Peter was much better and in a few days was over his cold, but Elaine kept getting worse. One night she awoke feeling very hot and with a burning pain in her chest. She aroused Peter. He dressed quickly, awakened his mother and rushed out to call the doctor.

The doctor looked grave, said something about pneumonia, and got to work. Mother Hartford worked with him, quickly and skillfully. Once he said,

"It is fine to have someone to help who knows just how to do things."

"I've been around pneumonia before and I know that it takes work to get the best of it," Mother Hartford answered, her hands flying as she talked.

During the weeks of her sickness and convalescence, Mother Hartford was tireless in caring for Elaine, who realized that her own mother could not have cared for her more intelligently or more tenderly. The strength and calm and sweetness of Peter's mother made her feel grateful and ashamed. No wonder Peter was so fine. He had such a splendid mother.

"If I hadn't lived so close to her, I could have seen how wonderful she was long ago," she said to herself.

THE summer was hot and Elaine, well and strong again, thanks to the nursing of Peter's mother, picked English currants and gooseberries and helped to can fruit.

One day as she and her mother-in-law sat in the kitchen peeling peaches, Mother Hartford said,

"You must have had lots of fruit in American Fork."

"We did have quite a bit. Why?"

"Because no one who had had to be careful of fruit, would peel away such thick peelings as you do."

Elaine had thought that she would never again feel antagonistic towards her mother-in-law, after the loving care that she had given her. She knew that she literally owed her life to this rather stern and yet splendid woman, but as the days went by, little things grew big again and seemed to be mountains in the way of her happiness.

ONE of her duties was to clean the big, dark parlor every week and she always pulled the blinds to the top of the windows and opened the door wide. As the stately room, with its enlarged pictures and wealth of bric-a-brac, brightened in the flood of unaccustomed sunshine, Elaine's spirits seemed to grow lighter too. Mother Hartford always discovered the open windows and door, and hastened to close the door and pull the blinds down to a scant six inches from the bottom.

"Really, Elaine," she said one day, "you have faded the walls and carpet and everything in this room. Even the picture frames are falling to pieces. The sun and wind soon dry the glue until it is no good. I've tried for years to keep this room nice!"

Elaine didn't answer, but she cried when she told Peter about it.

"I'm going home, Peter and stay there until we can get a home of our own, I'm of no use here. Your mother can do everything for you better than I can," she sobbed.

Peter laughed, then teased, then pleaded and finally got angry, but Elaine was determined.

"If you cared at all for me, you wouldn't want to leave me because mother treats you as if you were her own daughter. You know she loves you after the way she cared for you when you were sick. How can you want to leave her here alone?"

"She is well and strong and she'll be happier managing her own home, in her own way, instead of always having some one in it, doing things in a way that displeases her. She was wonderful to me when I was sick and I appreciate it, but I won't live here any more."

PETER took Elaine home on Friday. His mother thought that she was just going home for a visit. They talked very little during the ride to American Fork. After they had visited a while with Elaine's family, the two talked alone for a few minutes in the big, homelike living room.

"Elaine, you know I can't afford a new house and there is no need

of it when that one is going to be mine. Why can't you be reasonable?"

"I am reasonable, Peter. Why can't you see how impossible it is for me to stay there? Our marriage would have been perfect if I could have cared for you and our own little home. I can't stay there, although I love you until I feel as if I couldn't bear to be away from you."

"If you really loved me, you wouldn't mind that mother tries to help you with little things. The trouble is really all in your mind. Now listen, you stay here a week, or two weeks, and then come back and everything will be fine."

"It won't be fine and it won't work. I simply can't go back there, Peter."

"Nonsense! Of course you can. Don't be silly, Elaine. It is not half so bad as you think it is."

Both were talking now in cold, hard, biting tones.

"I'm not being silly, in fact for the first time since we were married, I'm being wise. It seems impossible that you can't see it," Elaine answered.

"Well, I must go," Peter said, still more coldly. "You've made your decision. I'm sorry. If you really cared for me it would have been a different one!"

ELAINE stood clinging to the door knob after Peter had gone. He hadn't even kissed her! Peter gone! Gone out of her life perhaps. Surely he didn't care for her, didn't love her as she loved him, or he must have seen how hard, how impossible it was for her to live in his mother's home.

The hours seemed to drag endlessly over her sleepless eyes before she finally fell into a troubled sleep. The days moved by like bad dreams. She knew that her father and mother were worried and felt that there was some trouble between Peter and her. She couldn't talk about it. It didn't seem loyal to Peter.

Always before, she had enjoyed being in American Fork, but now, it seemed the most dreadful town in the world. She hated to go to church, dreaded to walk down town and avoided meeting people. She felt that everyone must see the unhappiness in her face and be curious about it.

Reading had always been her delight, but stories and articles did not seem to make sense now.

Two weeks, that seemed to her aching heart to be a lifetime, passed and Peter hadn't written even a card. One day she picked up a copy of "The American Poetry Journal" and aimlessly turned the pages. She started reading a very short poem, "Travel Diary," by Elinor Lennen, in which the writer affirmed that her longest journey was from closed door to empty chair "the night you said goodbye."

She read the four short lines over and over. At last she got scissors, clipped the poem and wrote her name across the bottom. She slipped it into an envelope that she quickly addressed to Peter. When she had posted it, a heavy load seemed to have been lifted from her tired heart. Peter would surely get the little poem next day by noon, or shortly after. Tomorrow night she would be in his dear arms again, telling him that anything was preferable to the agony of being away from him.

Elaine awoke early, feeling that something wonderful was going to happen to her that day. Peter would surely come when he got the poem. She went about the house singing all

morning, but as the afternoon failed to bring Peter, fear grew in her heart. Time is agonizingly long to those who wait. Her eyes ached from watching the road and her heart ached with the longing and fear in it.

FOUR days dragged endlessly by. On Friday a neighbor brought in a copy of the little Heber City paper. Elaine read that Mr. Peter Hartford and his mother were in Salt Lake City, visiting her daughter, Mrs. Martha Stanton and family. Rather breathlessly she told her mother that she would like to walk out to her father's farm about a half mile northeast of town.

"The walk will do you good," her mother said. The mother knew that something was wrong between Elaine and Peter. She could see and feel her child's suffering, but she wisely decided that it was best to pretend that everything was as usual and to pray silently and earnestly that everything would soon be all right.

Elaine walked, her feet keeping time to the heavy beating of her heart.

ON reaching the farm she sat down behind the friendly willows and let the tears fall unheaded down her cheeks.

Suddenly two strong arms were tight around her and Peter's beloved voice was saying, "Darling, darling, ——" over and over.

Her heart was beating slowly, suffocatingly with the almost unbearable joy. She was alive again!

"Just got your letter when we got back from Salt Lake this afternoon. I raced down here. Your mother told me that you had started to walk out here. Oh, dearest, you did miss me!"

"Miss you!" she cried, clinging to him, her wet face pressed against his shoulder, "Oh, Peter, I'll live anywhere just so long as you are there!"

"How about living in Salt Lake then? I've landed a peach of a job. Would you like to have that home of your own up there?"

"Oh, Peter!"

YEARS after as the deep and sincere love grew in her heart for her splendid mother-in-law, it seemed as if the mother-in-law of her first two years of marriage had been another woman. Surely the jolly, happy, helpful and lovable woman that was Peter's mother and the children's adored grandmother, couldn't have been the woman who had once seemed so "bossy."

It was hard, Elaine thought, being a mother-in-law. If you wanted to help or if you made a suggestion it always antagonized the daughters-in-law. The only solution was for every family to have its own home.

"Men don't understand how women feel about their homes," Mother Hartford said one day, in the slow, serious way Elaine loved. "Every woman needs a home of her own to putter around and manage. Why even the Bible says that a man should leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife!"

"Mother Hartford, you are always so sweet and wise and right. I hope I'll never have to live with any of my daughters-in-law when the time comes that I'll have some. I don't understand how I could have helped seeing how hard it was for you to have a thoughtless girl come into your well-managed home and upset things. I surely love and admire you now."

Elaine stooped swiftly and lightly kissed the pleasant face of her husband's mother.

Happenings

By Annie Wells Cannon

FEBRUARY—Good citizenship is proof sufficient of patriotism.

PRINCESS JULIANA of Orange, only child of Queen Wilhelmina, and heir apparent to the throne, has met and won her "Prince Charming." The royal wedding which occurred January 7, was one of splendor and rejoicing; a brilliant event of promise, like a star in the sky over war-clouded Europe.

THE new Queen of England, who before her marriage to the Duke of York, was Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, daughter of a Scottish Earl, stands for what the English people like best in women—dignity, friendliness, conservatism and devotion to home. She has graced her place in the royal family with stateliness and tact.

MRS. REVA BECK BOSONE, first woman judge in Utah, is making good her declaration: to impose relatively heavy sentences for reckless and drunken driving.

BETTY JAYNES, 15-year-old Chicago girl, made a successful debut in opera this season as Mimi in "La Boheme."

ROSA PONSELLE, internationally famed opera singer, was recently married to a Baltimore business man. "Her art is supreme, she belongs to a great public, it is your duty to make her happy," admonished the jurist to the young husband.

VIRGINIA C. GILDERSLEEVE, Dean of Barnard College, and only woman member of the Judicial Council of New York State, received the award for Eminent Achievement for 1936 from the American Woman's Association.

FRAU ELSA EINSTEIN died last December, a loss to the world, for it is said that her watchfulness made the great scientist able to carry on his research free from worry and trouble.

MARGARET EVANS PRYOR, 95, Caroline C. Harris, 91, Caroline W. Humphreys, 85, and Emma Spencer Jacobs, 74, are notable Utah women who died last winter. All of them were pioneers and rendered marked service to their fellow men in their respective communities.

VERA BRITTAIN, author of "Testament of Youth," giving a picture of the wreckage of a generation by the World War, in her new book "Honorable Estate," presents a wider canvas covering a period of four decades with emphasis on the changing status of women, particularly wives.

MRS. CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT, America's greatest living suffragist, at the age of 78 is as optimistic as ever. She says, "I am neither disappointed nor encouraged about the participation of women in public affairs. They are behaving just as I thought they would."

JANET BEIRTH, who wrote the $20,000 prize novel, "No Second Spring," and Phyllis Bottome, author of "Private Worlds," have both published new novels this last year, "Sand Castle" and "Level Crossing" respectively.

Notes from the Field

Julia A. F. Lund—General Secretary

HANDWORK FROM TAHITI

Tahitian Mission

THE above picture is a collection of beautiful handwork which was sent to the office from far away Tahiti. When the sisters of this Mission were told by the Relief Society President that the different member groups were having a display of handwork at the general office, they too were anxious to send a sample of their work. The collection which is photographed above came from the different branches, and was brought to the office by an Elder who returned from the Mission. According to Sister Muriel R. Mallory, the Relief Societies of this Mission are in a very excellent con-

dition. The sisters are striving to the best of their ability to cooperate in the work, and as far as possible follow the regular courses and activities of the organization. It becomes necessary at times to substitute material more suitable for the local conditions, but the *Magazine* is of great help, and the different materials sent from the office are used as far as possible. It is felt in the Mission that the sisters enjoy a great blessing in their work, and they join in sending their love and best wishes to the other Relief Society women throughout the world.

Brazilian Mission

FROM the Mission President, Sister Mary P. Howells, comes the pleasant news that the Relief Society work is getting actively started in this Mission. While there has been an organization for a few years in some of the large branches, very little has been done in any of the localities until recently. Now active organizations will be found in all of the branches. The material sent to this Mission will, as in other cases, have to be translated, but the sisters are most appreciative of the work and eager for instructions and for service in the Relief Society. Sister Howells writes: "We are very pleased in having a number of friends becoming interested in the Gospel through their activities in Relief Society, and we are expecting much in the future."

Netherlands Mission

A VERY interesting report of the work in the Netherlands Mission comes from the Mission President, Sister Hermana F. Lyon, and the account of the Relief Society conferences held shows a very distinct growth during the past year. The native sisters are very anxious to learn of the manner in which Relief Society work is conducted, and of the Church-wide program. Some of the subjects discussed are "How we can make our Relief Society bigger and better," and "How Relief Society Teaching should be done." In addition to this the sisters have been shown samples of the handwork, and are extremely interested in this phase of the Relief Society program. A comparative report shows that during the year 1936 there was a very decided increase in attendance at the meetings, and in the general program of activities.

Danish Mission

VERY fine reports come from the Danish Mission where the Relief Society work has been most successfully conducted throughout the past year. In this Mission the effort was made to follow through very carefully the programs of study as suggested in the regular Relief Society courses, and some fine biographies which were especially interesting to the sisters of this land, were prepared by the native sisters. The District Conferences also were a very great success during the year, and did much to interest the sisters in the work. The Home Reading Project, "Back to the Scriptures," has met with particular favor in this Mission where it is enthusiastically conducted. The Mission President, Eliza S. Petersen, writes that they are well and enjoying their labors and thoroughly appreciate the cooperation of the fine people with whom they are working.

Hawaiian Mission

FROM the Hawaiian Mission very fine reports have come to the office of the splendid work which is done in the Relief Society. This land has long been known for its devotion to the work, and a letter

SISTERS OF FRANKFURT DISTRICT OF SWISS-GERMAN MISSION

from Sister Cassandra D. Bailey, Relief Society Mission President, is an expression of this fact. The sisters are enthusiastic in carrying out, as far as possible in all the branches of the Islands, the program of Relief Society work. The older mothers like to hear the lessons given in their native tongue, while the young mothers prefer English, so when the membership justifies it, two classes are held. In this Mission, as in some of the European, the literary lessons were chosen from some of the native personages, such as King Kamehameha I, King Kalakaua, and Queen Liliuokalani. In some of the branches there is a splendid cooperating course with the University Extension Division of Hawaii, and the sisters receive valuable instructions on the preparation of foods, balanced diets and home-making in various ways. Through the Relief Society the standards of home life are being raised to a higher level. There has been a great increase in the enrollment and in the attendance during the past year, and it is felt that this is largely due to the influence of the *Relief Society Magazine,* which now has a very fine circulation through the Islands.

Swiss-German Mission

THE Mission President, Sister Susan G. Kelly, reports that they have just come to the close of the very successful series of Fall conferences in the Relief Society. The women throughout the Mission have thoroughly enjoyed the lessons in every department. They are very anxious to consider some of the practical phases of the work, and are particularly interested in subjects dealing with health, care of the teeth and kindred subjects. The work which is done for women is gaining each year in popularity, and the lessons have been much more enthusiastically received, and the sisters give more attention to them. Another interesting activity in this Mission is the Singing Mothers, who are doing very excellent work. The above picture is of the Frankfurt District. There are some very wonderful singers and musicians in this Mission, and the music is of an extremely high order.

Notes to the Field

THE Presidency and General Board of Relief Society are more grateful than is easily expressed, for the inspirational messages and beautiful greeting cards sent to them by the member organizations at the holiday season. They wish to thank each one individually for these. The tender expressions were but another exquisite reminder of the devoted service, the dependability, the unequalled cooperation of the Relief Society women in all Stakes, Wards and Missions. President Louise Y. Robison voices the sentiments of her co-workers when she sends her love and best wishes to every sister in the organization. Her constant prayer is that 1937 will be the happiest and most prosperous of years!

A LARGE majority of the Stakes have expressed a desire for the course of nine lessons. In some cases, however, it suits conditions better to begin the regular courses of study in September instead of October, and to close in May rather than carry through to June. There is no objection to this, *provided the plan is uniform throughout the Stake.* In order to meet the needs of those who desire to begin early, the publication of the lessons will begin in the July, 1937, issue of the Magazine, instead of in August, as previously announced.

Theology Department

The study of our Theological lessons, the Teachers' Topic, and the Scripture Reading all have a fine correlation one with the other. There are different methods of approach, but one single objective—the living, unfaltering conviction of the divinity of Jesus Christ. The following extract which is reputed to have been written by Napoleon, forcibly expresses this:

"Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, and I, have founded great empires; and upon what did these creations of our genius depend? Upon force. Jesus alone founded His empire upon love; and to this very day millions would die for Him. I think that I understand something of human nature, and I tell you all these were men, and I am a man. No other is like Him. Jesus Christ was more than a man. I have inspired multitudes with such an enthusiastic devotion, that they would have died for me; but to do this it was necessary that I should be visibly present with the electric influence of my looks, of my words, of my voice. When I saw men and spoke with them, I lighted up the flame of self-devotion in their hearts. Christ alone has succeeded in so raising the mind of man toward the unseen that it becomes insensible to the barriers of time and space. * * * All who sincerely believe in Him experience that remarkable supernatural love toward Him. This phenomenon is unaccountable; it is altogether beyond the scope of man's creative powers. Time, the great destroyer, is powerless to extinguish this sacred flame; time can neither exhaust its strength, nor put a limit on its range. This is what strikes me most; I have often thought of it. This it is which proves to me quite convincingly the Divinity of Jesus Christ."

Literary Department

Consider Julia Ward Howe as:

1. *Writer.* Poems, "Battle Hymn of the Republic.
   Essays, Select examples you enjoy—why?
   Diary and letters.
2. *Homemaker.* Homes. Green Peace. "Revere the religion of home."
   Wife. Helpmate.
   Mother. Daughters. Little Sammy.
   Hostess. Entertained graciously, often.
3. *Friend.* Emerson. Quote from journal.
   Whittier. Expression of appreciation.
4. *Crusader.* Peace movement, international.
   Woman's suffrage, sacred mission.
5. *Worker.* Lectures. Numerous. Subjects.
   Reading. Type. For enjoyment.
   Clubs, opportunities for public service.
6. *Traveler.* Purpose, extent.
7. *Philosopher.* "The good God does not send affliction without comfort, but the weeping eyes and breaking heart must struggle through much anguish before they can reach it. . . ."
8. *Woman of Faith.* "I desire to set my house in order, and be ready for my departure, thankful to live or willing to cease from my mortal life when God so wills."

Point out the changes in Julia Ward Howe as she developed from the shielded daughter of a rich man to the time when she entered into her husband's social work for the afflicted.

Interesting it is, and very enlightening to discuss Mrs. Howe's philosophy of life. Her biography contains many of her comments and views which would make profitable discussion pro and con, and this would be a most excellent way to socialize a lesson. For instance she has said, "I think perfect and fearless frankness one of our highest duties to man as well as to God." . . . "The manna fell from heaven early in the morning, and those who neglected to gather it were left without nourishment; it is early in life's morning that we must gather the heavenly food, which can alone support us through the burden and heat of the day."

Her daughter, Maud, asked her once, "Tell me what is the ideal aim of life?" She replied,

"To learn, to teach, to serve, to enjoy!"

LEGISLATIVE. The State Legislature is now in session. Many matters of vital interest to the women of the state are being discussed. It is advisable to keep informed on these matters and so far as possible have an intelligent understanding of them. The laws that govern us mean much in the conduct of the home and our daily lives, and it is the privilege of every citizen to influence legislation that will better conditions and thwart if possible the passage of any measure deemed harmful to the welfare of the progress and prosperity of the state. The delegations from the different counties generally hearken to the appeals of their respective constituency. So let us be watchful and awake for the passage only of such measures as will in the best judgment promote the health, peace and prosperity of the people as a whole.

(*Concluded on page* 131)

THE RELIEF SOCIETY OF THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS

Motto—Charity Never Faileth

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VOL. XXIV FEBRUARY, 1937 No. 2

Editorials

Abraham Lincoln

THE people of the United States show increased appreciation and love with each passing year for Abraham Lincoln, the Great Emancipator. His integrity, his loving kindness, his unswerving devotion to the right, his charity toward all, his happiness in bringing hope to the discouraged and succor to the condemned are never-failing sources of uplift to those who read the life of this man who faced criticism unflinchingly, who knew the weight of tremendous responsibilities and who never wavered in his allegiance to right. Although he was a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," his sense of humor carried him through many a dark valley and through many a trying situation.

HIS stories never lose their savor. At one time he said, "They say I tell a great many stories. I reckon I do, but I have found in the course of a long experience that common people, take them as they run, are more easily influenced and informed through the medium of a broad illustration than in any other way, and as to what the hypercritical few may think, I don't care."

HE could read people very accurately. He was ever ready to grant the petition of the humble and sincere, but turned aside from the haughty and arrogant. At one time a woman in an imperious mood said, "Mr. President, you must give me a colonel's commission for my son. Sir, I demand it, not as a favor but as a right. Sir, my grandfather fought at Lexington. Sir, my uncle was the only man who did not run away at Bladensburg. Sir, my father fought at New Orleans and my husband was killed at Monterey." "I guess, madam," Lincoln replied dryly, "your family has done enough for the country. It is time to give somebody else a chance."

HIS heart was full of tenderness for the soldiers whether they fought for or against the Union. Only one week before his assassination President Lincoln visited the army of the Potomac at City Point, Virginia. Dr. Jerome Walker relates that he was an agent of the United States Sanitary Commission attached to the 9th corps hospital at that time. Although he was only 19, he was assigned the duty of conducting the President through his department of the hospital system. He says, "As we went from tent to tent I could not but note his gentleness, his friendly greetings to the sick and wounded, his quiet humor as he drew comparisons between himself and the very tall and very short men with whom he came in contact. Finally we came to the wards occupied by sick and wounded Southern prisoners. With feeling of patriotic duty I said, 'Mr. President, you won't want to go in there; they are only rebels.' He gently put his hand on my shoulder, 'You mean Confederates.' I noticed that he was just as kind in his handshake, just as hearty in his interest for the welfare of these men as when he was among our own soldiers. As we went to headquarters, the President urged upon me the importance of caring for them as faithfully as I should for our own sick and wounded."

AGAIN and again did he incur the wrath of military leaders by pardoning those condemned to death. At one time an old man came to the White House to say that his son, who was in General Butler's command, would be shot on a certain day unless the President in his mercy would forgive the offense. Lincoln was sorry but felt he could do nothing, for just yesterday he had received this telegram from Butler: "I pray you not to interfere with the courts-martial of the army. You will destroy all discipline among our soldiers." After Lincoln saw his visitor's grief, he exclaimed, "By jings, Butler or no Butler, here goes," and wrote his order: "Job Smith is not to be shot until further orders from me. A Lincoln." The old man as he read this was disappointed. He had come for a pardon. The President kindly said to him, "My old friend, you are not very well acquainted with me. If your son never looks on death till further orders come from me to shoot him, he will live to be a great deal older than Methuselah."

At one time he said to Speaker Colfax, "It makes me feel rested after a hard day's work if I can find some good excuse for saving a man's life, and I go to bed happy as I think how joyous the signing of my name will make him and his family and his friends."

HE was unusually fond of children. He liked to have them near him. He understood them as few men could and could sympathize with their restless activity. The Reverend Mr. Alcott relates that at one time he saw Lincoln coming away from church very early. Tad was slung across his left arm like a pair of saddle bags. Mr. Lincoln strode along with long and deliberate steps toward home. On one of the street corners he encountered a group of his fellow townsmen. He anticipated the question which the group was about to ask and taking his figure of speech from practices with which the group was familiar he said, "Gentlemen, I entered this colt, but he kicked around so I had to withdraw him."

WHILE criticism must have hurt him, because he was very sensitive, yet he never let it interfere

with his work, neither did he hold hard feelings against the ones who criticised him. He felt that if he did the very best he could, it did not much matter whether people understood or not. At one time President Lincoln was talking to an officer about an attack made on him for a certain alleged blunder. The matter involved had come directly under the observation of the one to whom he was talking and this man who had official evidence completely refuting the conclusions of the one who attacked the President, said, "Might it not be well for me to set this matter right in a letter to some paper stating the facts as they actually transpired?" "Oh no," replied the President, "At least not now. If I were to try to read, much less to answer, all the attacks made on me, this shop might as well be closed for any other business. I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference."

Control of Cancer

UNDER the direction of Grace Morrison Poole, Past-President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, now Dean of Stoneleigh College, Marjorie B. Illig, Chairman of the National Health Division of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, Dr. C. C. Little, Managing Director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer and Director of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Research Laboratory, the women of the United States are being called upon to wage war against one of the greatest menaces to life—cancer. Cancer kills 140,000 persons each year, and it is estimated that one-half of these could be saved if they sought medical treatment when the cancer danger signals appear. It is fitting that women should form an army to battle against this disease since they suffer more from it than do men, and the types of cancer that strike them, cancer of the uterus and breast, may be cured in seventy per cent of the cases if taken in time.

Women have already played an important part in combatting tuberculosis and in charity and public health drives. Now they are asked to replace fear and inert ignorance with courageous alertness plus positive action. The slogan of this movement is "Early cancer is curable. Fight it with knowledge."

The first enlistment week is March 21 to March 27, 1937. The enlistment fee is $1.00. We feel the cause is worthy of whole-hearted support.

"Through a series of mass meetings, lectures, radio broadcasts, newspaper and magazine articles, exhibits and distribution of literature, an intensive educational campaign is to be carried on. Nationally known speakers have already enlisted their services to get the MESSAGE OF HOPE to the American people." * * * "A continuous program of education is necessary to rout ignorance and mystery and bring about control of this disease."

Those who enlist would like to know how their money is to be spent; 70% will go to the states for activities within the states, 20% to the Central Office in New York City, for expenses involved in the field, 10% to a contingent fund.

Susan B. Anthony

FEBRUARY 15th is the 117th anniversary of the birth of Susan B. Anthony, one of the most indefatigable and efficient workers for equal rights for women that has ever lived.

When she began her work, only men had the franchise; men had control of the children; men dominated the platform. For over fifty years, Miss Anthony gave her entire time, all her money, all her energy to secure the franchise for women. Her biographer says, "Never for one short hour, has the cause of women been forgotten or put aside for any other object. Never a single tie has been formed, either of affection or of business, which would interfere with this supreme purpose. Never a speech has been given, a trip taken, a visit made, a letter written, in all this half century, that has not been done directly in the interest of this one object. There has been no thought of personal comfort, advancement, or glory; the self-abnegation, the self-sacrifice have been absolute—they have been unparalleled." She lectured in all parts of the country and wrote articles without number. She organized and conducted campaigns. She was present at 29 out of 31 annual conventions of the National Woman's Suffrage Association. She drafted resolutions and circulated petitions. She besieged Congress annually for forty years. She addressed Congressional committees. She raised and expended large sums of money for the cause.

Ida H. Harper truly said: "Every girl who now enjoys a college education, every woman who has the chance of earning an honest living in whatever sphere she chooses; every wife who is protected by law in the possession of her person, her property; every mother who is blest with the custody and control of her own children—owes these sacred privileges to Susan B. Anthony beyond all others." To her, too, beyond all others, is due the honor in bringing to women the right of citizenship.

Miss Anthony's picture now appears on a new stamp commemorating the 16th anniversary of the Woman's Suffrage Amendment. Women should call for these stamps and every time they use them remember the debt they owe to this good woman.

New Books

MISS ANNA JOHNSON, widely known because of her work in the Young Woman's Mutual Improvement office, is a most interesting personality. She is always happy, cheery, deeply interested in many things. She has several hobbies, one is writing poetry. She has traveled extensively and on her journeys writes of places, people and things that interest her.

Her two latest books are *Viking Verse* and *The Trail of the Exile*.

Viking Verse shows that there is poetry in everything if one but has the eyes of a poet to see it. These poems were written while she was visiting Norway, the land of her father's birth.

She gives the spirit of the Northland. Her themes are about boats, coasts, mountain lakes, pilots, sea-

men, fishing towns, harbors, fjords, etc. This book contains some beautifully poetic lines. We quote two of them:

THE AGED SEAMAN

Upon the tumbling billows of the deep
His eyes rest lovingly;
He bares his snow-white head to winds and rains
That hiss upon the sea.
A sort of fierce delight shines in his eyes;
He thrills from head to toe.
He sets his face against the storm and feels
A joy that few men know.

BEYOND THE ARCTIC CIRCLE

Beyond the Arctic circle,
The summer sunshine falls
As gentle as the song-sprays
From nightbirds' fluting calls.
The landscape sways like music
By fairy breath caressed,
And color floods the night-tide
With glories unexpressed.

IN *The Trail of the Exile* she portrays the trek of the Pioneer, his character, the indomitable spirit of the Pioneer scout, the sorrows that beset those who made the overland journey, Winter Quarters, and the graves along the way. This volume is beautifully illustrated.

Viking Verse, 50c; *The Trail of the Exile,* 25c; Anna Johnson, Room 32, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

LINCOLN PRAYED

By Christie Lund

He felt the need to pray
And often in life's hurried stress,
Or in the calm of everyday
He knelt in quiet humbleness.

He felt the need, this man
Shaping a nation's destiny;
And in his each important plan
He asked for help on bended knee.

Do not we, too, have need,
When frightened or dismayed—
No matter what our race or creed—
To kneel and pray as Lincoln prayed.

Lesson Department

(For First Week in April)

Theology and Testimony

Lesson 7

The Christ as Organizer of a Church

Helpful References

In the New Testament: Matthew 10; 16:18; 17:1-9; Mark 3:13-19; Luke 6:12-16; Acts 1:12-26; 13:1; 14:23; John 1:35-50; Luke 10:1-24; Romans 12:4-5; I Corinthians 12:12-31; Ephesians 4:11-12; Hebrews 5:1-5; I Timothy 3:1, 12; Revelation 1:6.

In the Book of Mormon: 3 Nephi 11:18-27; 18:5; 19:4-7; 27:1-11; 4 Nephi 1-5; Moroni 2-6.

In the Doctrine and Covenants: Secs. 7:1, 7-8; 10:69 (compare Matthew 16:18); 22:3; 84:107-108.

Talmage: The Articles of Faith, Chapter 11.

Talmage: Jesus the Christ, pp. 361-363, 368, 700-702, 736-738, 741-742.

Rall: The Teachings of Jesus, pp. 95-97.

1. *Some Believe that Christ Did Not Organize a Church.*

To some Latter-day Saints the title of this lesson may seem rather trite and commonplace. They may say, "Have we not been taught all our lives that the Christ organized the Church during His ministry and placed officers in it?" What they say would be true. But we hasten to point out that to many people outside our faith such a title would provoke great interest and surprise. It is, as a matter of fact, quite common to find in current publications statements by scholarly men to the effect that the Savior did not concern himself with organizing a church. One writer says, "Ideally . . . the church is today, a fellowship or community of all who are trying to live as God's children after the spirit of Christ. If we ask for Jesus' teaching concerning this fellowship, we find we have scarcely anything bearing directly upon it. The Gospels give us nowhere any precept from Jesus as to the duty of organizing a church, or directions as to how this shall be done. Nor do the beginnings of the church at Jerusalem imply this. The disciples apparently still consider themselves a part of the Jewish Church, though they assemble themselves together, as would be expected, and look to the twelve for guidance and leadership." At the conclusion of his book, *Jesus of Nazareth,* Dr. Joseph Klausner tries to answer the question, What is Jesus to the Jews? He says, "It is somewhat strange to ask, What is Jesus to the Jews? 'Jesus,' says Wellhausen, 'was not a Christian: he was a Jew,' and, as a Jew, his life-story is that of one of the prominent men of the Jews of his time, while his teaching is Jewish teaching of a kind remarkable in its truth and its imaginativeness. 'Jesus was not a Christian,' but he *became* a Christian. His teaching and his history have been severed from Israel. To this day the Jews have never accepted him. . . . But Jesus is, for the Jewish nation, *a great teacher of morality and an artist in*

parable. He is *the* moralist for whom, in the religious life, morality counts as—everything." Dr. Klausner, a Jew, is one of the most influential and celebrated Hebrew scholars of our day. No one can miss some of the implications in the statement quoted above. The Savior "*became* a Christian" not because he organized a Church, but because his teaching and his history were severed from its Jewish environment. Such teaching about the Christ is important for Latter-day Saints to know. If we are to make the message of the Church very effective it becomes necessary for us to present the principles of the Gospel in a way that takes cognizance of the beliefs of others.

2. Our Church Organization gives Insight to the Organization in the Primitive Church.

If the Christ, during His lifetime, set up a Church, we should reasonably expect it to be of a pattern that would be in fundamentals, at least, the same for all time. Local conditions might change, it is true, but a relatively perfect Church organization ought to provide for that. In other words, we should expect the Church on earth to be patterned in fundamentals after that in heaven. Such we believe the Church organization in this dispensation to be. The pattern we have ought, then, to give us an insight into any similar organization set-up in the Savior's lifetime. Let us, therefore, look at some of the New Testament references that concern our problem.

3. Christ Aided by Distinct Bodies of Men.

It will be noted that when the Christ's ministry actually began he saw the need of calling others to His side to help him. The tenth chapter of Matthew records their names and the charge He gave them. In the first verse it is recorded that "he called unto him his twelve disciples, he gave them power against unclean spirits, to cast them out, and to heal all manner of sickness and all manner of disease." The word here translated as "power" is best rendered by "authority." That better expresses the matter. One ought to read this chapter carefully. The charges given by the Christ to his apostles are not such as would be given by an ordinary leader to his followers. They were given by one speaking with authority and not as the scribes. Why would such unusual charges be given if the Christ had only a fellowship with his apostles in mind and not a Church organization? The tenth chapter of Luke is also of peculiar significance. In the first verse of this chapter we read, "after these things the Lord appointed other seventy also, and sent them two and two before his face." The seventy are also mentioned in the seventeenth verse where, after their return, they rejoiced over their successful mission, and especially because of the authority which was theirs. This group of seventy would seem to be a quorum of men distinct from the twelve apostles. In this dispensation the Lord has made it plain that there are in the Church among others, two distinct bodies of officers in the higher priesthood, the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles, and the Quorum of Seventy. We should note, too, the special place Peter, James, and John held in the organization with which the Savior surrounded himself. In the seventeenth chapter of Matthew is the record of how they were in the presence of the Christ when he was transfigured. The Prophet Joseph Smith tells us that on this occasion these three men received certain keys of authority. In

the Epistle to the Galatians 2:9 two of them are spoken of as "pillars." The prominent role played by Peter, James, and John shortly after the Savior's resurrection would seemingly correspond with that displayed by the First Presidency in the Church today. It is necessary, however, to turn to literature in the New Testament other than the Gospels to see the Primitive Church organization in greater completeness. Doubtless the pattern was given by the Christ during his ministry. Some would object to this statement by saying that the Church organization portrayed in the Epistles reflects nothing more or less than the Apostle Paul's genius. Indeed, many conclude that Christianity is essentially "Pauline Christianity." From this conclusion we respectfully dissent; Paul and the other apostles of his time simply built up the Church as they had previously been directed by their Redeemer.

"And he gave some apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." (Ephesians 4:11, 12.)

Questions

1. Which Article of Faith of the Church expresses our belief with respect to the organization of the Primitive Church? Repeat it.

2. How many different offices of the Priesthood can you find mentioned in the New Testament? The Book of Mormon? Cite references for each.

3. What is meant by an "evangelist?" (Ephesians 4:11)

Problems for Further Study
(Treat only those that time and circumstances permit.)

1. Give as many plausible reasons as you can why the writers of the Gospels did not more clearly portray the Church organization set up by the Savior.

2. Some people hold that churches are unnecessary, that men can live as good lives without them as with them. Justify, if you can, the existence of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

3. By reference to the New Testament answer as well as you can the assertion that the organization of the early Christian Church was due more to the genius of Paul than to that of Christ. Hint—See Ephesians 4:11, etc.

4. Read carefully 3 Nephi 27:1-11. What reasonable conclusions can be reached from this scripture respecting the establishment of a church in Palestine during the Savior's ministry?

Teachers' Topic

(For April)

THE PHARISEE AND THE PUBLICAN
Luke 18:9-14

AND he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others:

"Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican.

"The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself, God, I thank thee, that I am not as other men are, ex-

tortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican.

"I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess.

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner.

"I say unto you, this man went down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted."

This was spoken to or about certain persons who trusted in themselves, that they were righteous.

The two worshipers were taken from the most distinguished and the most despised classes of the Jews, a Pharisee and a publican.

The Pharisees were a prominent religious sect among the Jews. They felt themselves to be separated from other men and from the unclean in their own nation. They were respected as citizens of high standing.

They were pious observers of the law and this strict adherence to small points often led to hypocrisy and self-glorification. Christ found on many occasions much to condemn in their actions and their attitudes toward others.

The publicans were collectors of taxes for the government. They leased certain districts and had to raise a certain amount of money from them. It was necessary to impose extra taxes in order to get pay for their own services. As a result they were very unpopular.

The time was a special hour of prayer for the Israelites and all had the privilege of the temple.

The Pharisee drew himself afar off from the crowd and began "I thank thee." He numbered his virtues and good deeds.

The publican was the picture of humility. He stood "afar off," his prayer was one of confession and entreaty.

The Lord drew from the parable the suitable lesson that the proud shall be humbled and the humble exalted.

This lesson of humility of heart is the chief end of the parable. It brings peace and love to ourselves and justification in the sight of God.

The "I say unto you" makes it clear that humility is an indispensable virtue.

The immediate purpose of the parable of the Pharisee and the Publican was to denounce the false profession of the Pharisee and to approve the sincerity and toleration of the publican.

Papini in his "Life of Christ" says, "Sinners when they recognize the evil which is in their hearts and abjure it with true humility, are nearer to the kingdom than pious men who daub themselves with praise of their own piety."

Humility is not self depreciation or lack of enthusiasm. One may be dignified and courageous and still humble.

"He that is down needs fear no fall,
  He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide."

Work and Business

(For April)

SEEDS AND PLANTS

IN this short lesson in amateur gardening we will not go into detail about the preparation of the soil as we presume it has been well dug, fertilized, and pulverized, as these simple preparations are very essential. We shall discuss the beauty and satisfaction of having borders of some of the best known and least expensive of all flowers.

Spring:

To have an effective Spring border it is necessary to plant in the late summer or early fall. The prettiest one I have ever seen was made of a broad band of forget-me-nots in the close background, with double lemon tulips, "Murillo," in center and a broad strip of Arabus in front touching the lawn. The tulips and arabus will be good for years and the forget-me-nots will seed themselves year after year. Pansies are beautiful in place of the tulips and should be set out in September. Pansy seedlings may be purchased at your seedsman's before they have been transplanted into his cold frame at 1½ cents each.

Summer:

Summer borders are easily grown with a minimum of expense and labor. A great favorite is one made of French marigolds in the foreground, then a close bank of scarlet sage with the tall snow-on-the-mountain in the rear. The green foliage of all of these plants is as attractive as the flowers which are born in almost unbelievable profusion. No garden is complete without a row of golden gleam nasturtium. These flowers are double, fragrant, with long stems and are unsurpassed for picking. They bloom from July first to the time of killing frost. If you have a sunny walk in the back yard be sure to have a gorgeous bank of four-o'clocks on each side of it.

Early Fall:

Zinnias and African marigolds make a bold, showy tall border and are at their best when planted alone with plenty of space. All of these seeds are easy to germinate, easy to grow, and remain fresh and in bloom from late spring until late fall. Perennial borders are a lasting joy, but it takes years to establish one that is really beautiful unless a great amount of money is invested.

Literature

(For Third Week in April)

Lesson VII

JULIA WARD HOWE

THERE is the sharpest possible contrast between the life of Lincoln and that of Julia Ward Howe, and very much of a contrast between her life and that of Alice Freeman Palmer. Julia Ward Howe had behind her wealth and station as well as gifts of both body and mind. Lincoln and Alice Freeman Palmer were richly endowed both mentally and spiritually.

Julia Ward had as ancestors on

both sides the best blood that America had to offer. Her father, Samuel Ward, was a New York banker. Her mother, Julia Rush Cutler, who was married at sixteen, died at twenty-seven, having had seven children.

Mr. Ward felt he could not longer live in the house where he and his wife had been so happy; so he moved to No. 16, Bond Street, which was out of the beaten path of the city. Mrs. Ward had asked that her sister should have the care of her children, so Aunt Eliza, who seems to have been a very cheerful person, came to the Ward home.

Julia, who bore her mother's name, and was born May 27, 1819, was then a child. "The amusements of the little Wards were few" we are told. As a child of seven Julia was taken twice to the opera, where she heard "Malibran, then Signorina Garcia, a pleasure the memory of which remained with her through life. About this time Mr. Ward's views of religious duty deepened in stringency and in gloom. There was no more opera, nor did Julia ever attend a theatre until she was a grown woman."

When she was sixteen the family moved from No. 16 Bond Street, into a "statlier dwelling," on Bond Street and Broadway. This was the house Julia loved, the memory of which was dear to her throughout her life. She often recalled the spacious rooms hung with red, blue, and yellow silk. Behind the main house stretching along Broadway, was the picture gallery, the first private one in New York, which was said to be the father's "especial pride." "The children might not mingle in frivolous gayety abroad, but they should have all that love, taste, and money could give them at home."

Julia studied both vocal and instrumental music. With her music was a passion. Her music master, Signor Cardini, "trained and developed her inborn taste for all that was best in music." He also discovered that she had a good voice. It was a mezzo-soprano, "of uncommon range and exquisite quality." She was always a student. She possessed a veritable gift for language. She is said to have known English, French, German and Italian. "She spoke and wrote them throughout her life correctly as well as fluently, with singularly pure accent and inflection. She was also proficient in history. She had no gift for mathematics, and used to say that her knowledge of the subject "was limited to the fact that four quarts make a gallon."

Julia's girlhood evenings were spent mostly at home, with books, needlework, and music, varied by an occasional lecture or concert, or a visit to some one of the uncles who lived nearby. But much as she loved her home, her books, and her music, she longed for some of the social life her three handsome brothers were enjoying. She wrote she seemed to herself "like a young damsel of olden times shut up within an enchanted castle," and for all her father's kindness, "noble generosity and overwhelming affection," as she puts it, he "sometimes appeared to me as my jailer."

She was now nineteen, a woman grown and feeling it. She had never had a party of her own, nor had she ever selected the people who were to come to the home for an evening. She grew rebellious and told her brothers that she was going to have a party. She asked them to help her make out lists, but said the responsibility was solely her own. She asked her father if she might invite a few friends on a certain evening, and he gave his consent.

She engaged the best caterer in New York, the most fashionable musicians, and even hired a splendid cut-glass chandelier to supplement the sober lighting of the yellow drawing-room.

The evening of the party Mr. Ward stepped into the group and discovered "as brilliant a gathering as could have been found in any other of the great houses of New York." If he was amazed or annoyed he concealed it and met the guests with "charming courtesy."

When the party was over Julia's brothers gathered about her asking that they be allowed to go to her father on her behalf, but she insisted that it was her place to see him. She sought and found him alone. She could not speak, nor was it necessary that she should. He told her "gravely" that her idea of a few friends and his was very different, that "he was sorry that she had not consulted him more freely, and begged that in the future she would do so. Then he kissed her good-night with his usual tenderness and it was over."

Then followed days when there were many admirers. An intimate friend speaking of this time said: "Louisa had her admirers, and Annie had hers; but when the men saw your mother they just flopped!" She was "compassionate" with her suitors but she at least could not marry them all, "so she sang duets with one, read German with another, and Anglo-Saxon with a third."

The United States was struggling with a financial panic in 1836-1837. It called for all the strength that men had. Mr. Ward labored incessantly to save the honor of the banks of New York; but disaster came and the banks were obliged "to suspend specie payments." Still Samuel Ward was not a man to waste time in vain regrets. He began at once to arrange things so that the banks could resume without unnecessary delay. This was accomplished in a year's time, through the Bank of England granting a loan of nearly five million dollars in gold. Mrs. Howe never forgot the afternoon when her brother Sam came into her study from Wall Street and cried: "Julia, men have been going up and down the office stairs all day long, carrying little wooden kegs of gold on their backs marked 'Prime Ward and King' and filled with English gold!"

The honor of New York State was preserved through the English gold. The fact that Mr. Ward procured the loan "was the greatest asset in her inheritance from the old firm," Mrs. Howe said.

In October, 1839, the beloved father passed away—that father who had fought so hard for financial honor, who had nurtured his children with great devotion if somewhat strictly through his long widowerhood. "Julia was with him when he died, his hand in hers." Her love for her father was most constant and ceased only with her life. Yearly she recorded his birthday in her diary never failing to add words "of tender remembrance."

In the summer of 1842 the Ward sisters were in a cottage near Boston. With them was a friend, Mary Ward, who was no relation but had been betrothed to their brother Henry. Here they often received visits from Charles Sumner and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Julia had heard of Mr. Howe's wonderful feat in educating Laura Bridgman. The young women were invited by their friends from Boston to visit the Perkins institution for the blind, over which Mr. Howe had been director for nine years. As they walked about the institution, says Julia,

Mr. Sumner looked out of the window and said: "Oh! here comes Howe on his black horse." She looked out, she says, and saw "A noble rider on a noble steed."

Their acquaintance ripened into good will and during the winter of 1843 they became engaged. Mr. Howe is described as having a "slender military figure, jet-black hair, keen blue eyes" and a "brilliant complexion."

To this we add a picture of their courting days, from a private journal of the time. "I walked down Broadway with all the fashion and met the pretty blue-stocking, Miss Julia Ward, with her admirer, Dr. Howe, just home from Europe. She had on a blue satin cloak and a white muslin dress. . . They say she dreams in Italian and quotes French verse."

Of special interest is Mr. Sumner's letter to her, written after he had learned of her engagement. Mr. Sumner wrote: "Howe has told me, with eyes flashing with joy, that you have received his love. May God make you happy in his heart, as I know he will be happy in yours! A truer heart was never offered to woman. I know him well. I know the depth, strength, and constancy of his affections, as the whole world knows the beauty of his life and character. And oh! how I rejoice that these are all to mingle in loving harmony with your great gifts of heart and mind. God bless you! God bless you both! You will strengthen each other for the duties of life; and the most beautiful happiness of life shall be yours—that derived from inextinguishable mutual love, and from the consciousness of duty done."

"You have accepted my dear Howe as your lover; pray let me ever be

Your most affectionate friend,
Charles Sumner."

To her brother Sam who had married into the Astor family she wrote: "The Chevalier says truly—I am the captive of his bow and spear. His true devotion has won me from the world, and from myself. The past is already fading from my sight; already, I begin to live with him in the future, which shall be as calmly bright as true love can make it. I am perfectly satisfied to sacrifice to one so noble and earnest the day dreams of my youth. He will make life more beautiful to me than a dream."

The wedding took place at her brother Samuel Ward's home on April 23, 1843. Ten days later the bride and groom sailed for Europe. Horace Mann and his bride, Mary Peabody, sister of Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, were on the same boat.

Mrs. Howe wrote: She never should forget the stay in London. "Dr. Howe's reputation preceded him and every reader of 'Dickens' American Notes' was eager to meet the man who had brought a soul out of prison." Charles Dickens had taken them out sightseeing, and Sidney Smith had been very kind. Sydney Smith "calls Howe 'Prometheus,' and says that he gave a soul an inanimate body."

Questions

1. To what forces do you attribute Mr. Ward's aversion to the theatre? Why was his daughter not given an opportunity for more social contacts at home and away from home?

2. Do you think Julia solely at fault for the elaborate party given in her father's home? Do you think her father should share part of the blame? Discuss the situation as a problem in rearing children.

3. Do you feel in the lesson something of the pulse of New York when it was growing into a city of wealth? What are the details that point toward it?

4. What do you think of Sumner's letter to Miss Ward? Is there in it some promise of the man Sumner afterwards turned out to be? Would you like to see this letter in a collection of literary letters? If so, why? If not, why? What do you learn concerning Mr. Howe from the letter?

5. Who was Laura Bridgman? What did Dr. Howe do for her that caused people far and near to discuss the matter?

6. Who was Prometheus?

Note: Additional material may be found in "Julia Ward Howe," by Richards and Elliott.

Social Service

(For Fourth Week in April)

Lesson VI

Social Progress

Text: *Civic Sociology,* Edward A. Ross, Chapter XVI.

ONE of the goals of a socially minded people is to improve the general conditions under which humanity lives. But at times it is extremely difficult to determine how existing methods of control over human behavior should be modified with the hope of bettering conditions for those who are influenced by them. However, new situations and problems are constantly being projected for consideration and adjustment along such lines.

Civilization is so complex it is difficult to get a standard for the measure of progress. As each succeeding year passes it is hard to evaluate the immediate effect of what has transpired upon human happiness. We speak freely about social progress. But what is the yardstick by which change may be measured in the adjustment of humanity to racial problems and institutions in its forward achievements and in its retrogressions, or backward movements? A comparison of life today to that which existed in an average community with comparable situations five hundred years ago, would leave no doubt as to the superiority of modern conditions. The basis for judgment which leads to this conclusion will be discussed in this lesson by developing the following points:

1. Acquiring some understanding of the meaning of social progress.

2. The application of the principles of social progress to our own lives and community problems with the hope of promoting desirable interest in social welfare.

The factors which help to determine social progress may be divided into two general classifications: first, those which condition human behavior; and second, those which develop control over the forces, or gifts, of nature for man's purpose.

"Conditioning" human behavior means influencing the emotions, or feelings, towards a sense of gratification and happiness, or towards one of unrest, discontent, and the reverse of happiness, as well as the intermediary stages between these two extremes. Therefore, all the

institutions which man has set up for the control of human behavior might be included in those which condition social control. The machinery for government, for education, and for the supervision of health and of crime, and of all esthetic developments are among the conditioning factors.

Any change which tends to raise the general level of these institutions for the ultimate benefit of mankind leans towards social progress. If time proves that the change actually produces an improved state it may be classified as social progress. There is undoubtedly room for progress along all the lines mentioned above and in all conditioning factors. But only by understanding the necessity for such changes and by supporting the movements which are planned for progress, can it be achieved.

For example: In spite of all the work that is being done towards its eradication, the existence of such things as crime, juvenile delinquency, and the exploitation of one level of humanity for the benefit of another are still prevalent. Unequal industrial opportunity is the source of much unhappiness. Political opportunism leads to unfair advantages for some at the expense of others. As long as any of these conditions exist there is room for progress.

There is still much to be accomplished in the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the race. Although much has been done to protect man from disease and to conserve human life, as the lower death rate proves, physical efficiency can still be increased tremendously through an increased application of scientific knowledge.

Vital statistics are often quoted to show a favorable increase in births and a low death rate. Such conditions are indeed important, but some nations with exceptionally high birth rates are in an extremely unprogressive state. But though good health records may be indicative of favorable conditions, some of the essential elements of life may be lacking. However, any nation that can produce a high statistical curve in health records can be said to have made great social progress.

The laws under which we live; the services of federal, state, and city governments; the basic institutions which affect daily life, such as educational and cultural institutions; the inventions which alter modes of living, and even the kinds of clothes we wear and the food we eat, undergo continuous modification. Some of these changes may have marked a backward step and some may have produced a stationary condition, but most of them have given rise to forward movements in the patterns of human life. But since it is so difficult to judge what is of real benefit to the continuous development of the race, it might again be said that the test lies in the state of general welfare and happiness that is eventually attained.

But since life is so complex and such multiple factors condition happiness, often false standards of progress are set up with the mistaken idea that they will lead to joy and betterment. Calling attention to some of these mistaken ideas should help to prevent their recurrence, and to develop more balanced judgment in determining what changes should take place.

A frequent error is the assumption that an increase in wealth and economic goods is a measure of progress. Although wealth is important, it can be a source of misery as well as happiness. If progress is to be

measured by the increased service of wealth in behalf of humanity, it must be understood that the term "wealth" refers to those commodities which satisfy human wants and not to the amount of money a single individual has. Progress depends upon the use to which wealth is put, both nationally and individually. In and of itself it may be worthless as a means of happiness. To support social progress its use has to be directed according to the best understanding that economic and social leaders can bring to bear upon its dispensing and use. Such an understanding cannot be better defined than national ideals permit. This is an example of what is meant by the necessity for the general public to have an understanding of the meaning of social progress, because a nation depends upon its citizens for its level of achievement in all directions.

In regard to the use of wealth for social progress, it can hardly be devoted to a higher means than the provision of better houses, better clothing, a more adequate food supply, and greater conveniences and pleasures for the advancement of humanity at large. Such a wide distribution of the benefits of wealth cannot be brought about without an extension of ideals and education in that direction. How it is to be managed is as yet unsolved. But as long as some people accumulate more money than they need for even a luxurious standard of life, and others have much less than they need for the necessities of life the problem of the use and distribution of wealth will remain a challenge to those interested in social progress. However, it is desirable to present this ideal, because when even a small number of people become aware of the fact that such an ideal is worth striving for as a means of supporting democratic governments, religious organizations, and other prevailing institutions in the countries that these lessons serve, education towards social progress has undoubtedly been stimulated.

Mention should be made of the great influence that education, science, and the arts have as conditioning factors in influencing human behavior. They come to people almost as gifts because they are available to every one who cares to take advantage of the opportunities offered at his very door; but they should not be taken too much for granted. None of them are either all good or all bad in their influence as "conditioners." Any one of these factors may be used either towards progress or retrogression. In addition to the great benefit that education is to mankind, it may teach false standards. Art and all supposedly cultural subjects may be evil in their influence. Science may tear down spiritual and religious values. But none of them need to. And it is the responsibility of those who are interested in social progress to obtain an understanding of what will lead to progress along these lines according to the highest meaning that he is capable of understanding. But the layman cannot do this alone.

All these conditioning factors can be bettered only through proficient and specialized leadership in the fields mentioned, and with the intelligent cooperation on the part of the layman. We should seek spiritual guidance for the benefit of social progress through prayer and through contact with our religious teachers and officers. It is of vital importance, and its fulfillment depends upon those who are privileged to obtain an understanding of its meaning.

In the second classification, progress is measured by man's control over physical nature. His comforts and scientific progress in life are measured according to his increasing ability to bend nature to his ends instead of adapting himself to its rigors and unmodified necessities. But, the extent to which he has adapted his great utilization of nature's gifts to the welfare of *all* mankind reveals how far he has moved towards social progress. For scientific progress is not identical with social progress and does not necessarily imply social progress. In fact, the two are quite separate. Only so far as the marvelous results which have been accomplished in adapting nature to man's needs have been devoted to the benefit of all mankind can a nation be said to have advanced towards social progress. Such progress presupposes a certain amount of idealism; therefore a combination of such idealism with scientific knowledge is necessary to the general progress of humanity.

Natural energy, such as water power and electricity have been captured and reduced to man's needs. Great irrigation projects have been devised. The discovery of radium has transformed medical treatment. Other scientific discoveries have done much for the preservation of health and the prolongation of life. Research in chemistry has contributed greatly to industrial efficiency, and has thus added to the comfort of life. Each instance tells the story of increased control over natural phenomena. Any nation is civilized only to the extent that man has mastered nature and turned it to his use. And again, it has achieved social progress only to the extent that these benefits are devoted to all its members.

All the above factors are units on the measuring stick of human progress. Their test is proved by time in terms of human welfare and greater happiness.

The second purpose of this lesson directs attention to the advancement of social progress through the improvement of those conditions over which each individual has control.

The development of a sound progressive system of education is one of the first essentials. Each generation must be brought into touch with the social inheritance of the race. But the transmission of the cumulative knowledge of the past is but one part of the responsibility of edution. It has been pointed out that the improvement of life demands the growth of knowledge and its proper utilization. A continual readjustment of education to fit social needs is essential. It must always aim toward moralizing life. The mind must be liberated from ignorance, intolerance, and social prejudice.

The Lord has said: "For behold, this is my work and my glory—to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man." (P. of G. P.: Moses 1:39) Such a goal is the ultimate end of all progress. As members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints our responsibility is doubly great. Not only are we obligated to maintain the social achievements contributed by civilization, but in addition our goal is set for the "eternal life and immortality" of all mankind. Such ideology carries increased obligations and duties to church members. Each member of the Church should strive to promote and harmonize the finest intellectual, cultural, and economic achievements of the race. He should advance the spiritual salvation of all through a more meaningful participation in the ordinances and prin-

ciples of the gospel. To this end the effectiveness of one's actions must be tested by altruistic motives. He should cooperate with the social achievements of the race and be active in promoting the progress of the church in its march toward its goal. There is probably not a ward in the church but what needs more help in promoting social ideals.

Intelligent leadership toward goals which do not get lost in the multitude of daily tasks is called for. More religious toleration, more altruism, more spirituality is needed at home and at the church gathering, as well as in the world at large.

Activities

Outline a plan by which you would try to overcome some of the obstacles to social progress in your own ward or community.

In most communities many people are apathetic toward community enterprises and reform movements. Devise a scheme for getting people in your community interested in some needed project.

Compare the present characteristics and achievements of your community with conditions of from ten to fifteen years ago. On the basis of the comparison decide if the community has been as progressive as it should have been.

Child Guidance

Lesson 7

How to Administer Rewards and Punishments

FEW policies in child guidance are more difficult to settle on than what to do about punishment. Some parents lay great store by the doctrine, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Others base all their hope on love and forgiveness, and on allowing the child complete freedom. In recent years, our attitude has swung toward the latter point of view, which William James called "soft pedagogy." Probably the answer is not yet, and the proper place of punishment may be more clearly recognized in the future. Certainly too little discipline and too much coddling frequently defeats the mother's fine intentions of rearing her child into a happy adult. On the other hand, there can be no doubt that the use of corporal punishment is to be discouraged in general. This is not because it is never of value, but because it is so difficult for parents to properly determine when and how it should be used.

Felix Adler claims corporal punishment makes criminals, and we often do find in the histories of delinquents that flogging is the principal resort of the parents in disciplining the child. Yet in other cases we find that the most striking factor contributing to incorrigibility is the utter lack of any effort on the part of the parents to correct the behavior of their children. Under the latter kind of treatment, misbehavior often sprouts like weeds in an uncultivated garden.

In psychological literature on learning, we always have with us some attempt to describe or explain why we retain successful acts and eliminate unsuccessful ones. Thorndike, in his famous work on educational psychology in 1914, taught the doctrine that successful acts are

retained because they are more satisfying or more pleasurable and that unsuccessful ones are eliminated because they are annoying or unpleasant. Somehow the satisfyingness or unsatisfyingness were thought to "stamp in" the right act and "stamp out" the wrong one respectively. This was called the "law of effect." It meant that whether the effect of the act is pleasant or unpleasant determines whether it will be retained or not. This "law" has been under much fire in recent years, because of certain issues we shall not take space to discuss here. A later version of the doctrine, based on much experimentation, holds that the effect of an act, or its consequences, may consist simply in knowing what the result is, regardless of whether it is pleasant or not. It is now fairly well agreed that learning does not take place without this knowledge of the effect of the separate acts involved. Much of the learning of children in social relations, and moral as well, is extremely slow because the effects of the acts are not clearly seen. Manipulating the social environment does not yield such clear effects of acts as does manipulating a toy automobile.

Thorndike has recently given evidence that seems to indicate that rewards lead to learning and that punishments have very little to do with it. We build habits out of the acts that *seem* to lead us most directly to our goals. Punished acts, according to Thorndike, are not eliminated by the punishment itself but are selected out by substitution of right acts with their rewards.

Animals, such as white rats, will not learn to tread a maze properly if they are not motivated by some strong urge such as hunger. If food is not found at the end of the hungry rat's quest, it doesn't learn the maze even though it is permitted to explore the maze all it pleases. When the reward is found without exception, the rat learns a complicated maze in the course of thirty or forty trials, so well that it makes no error.

The goal seeking of the small child is much the same. If the result obtained is not agreeable to him he is not likely to persist in that act. Moreover, the reward must follow immediately after or it may lose its connection with the right act. Here the immature child is caught in a dilemma: much of the routine he is expected to follow doesn't seem to make sense. The parent then becomes tempted to hold out candy, stories, toys, and other rewards to bribe the child into doing what should be done for its own sake. Recently a mother reported that her child would not attend to his toilet unless she gave him candy at the same time.

Perhaps younger children do need more than older ones such extrinsic rewards. As the child grows, he can be motivated more and more by remote incentives such as social approval, self-respect, and other less apparent values that accrue from a well regulated life.

Parents make two general uses of rewards: first and most commonly, to get things done; second, to teach the child proper habits. The first method teaches the child to do what is required for the sake of rewards which have no relation to the act. The unhappy result is that unless an artificial goal is set up thereafter, the act is not done.

The second use of rewards requires deep insight into what is going on in the child's mind. The reward is then carefully calculated to grow out of the act as a natural consequence. The child who has done a good job of washing his face

is told modestly that he looks nice —because that is one of the main reasons we should keep clean (social approval). When the child has behaved bravely at the dentist's he might be given some special favor; but he should not be promised it before as a bribe. If you promise rewards, the heroic act, the good impulse that might have originated in the child is defeated because the act then becomes directed toward the bribe rather than toward the value of the act itself.

Parents must also guard against setting up for the child an artificial social world in the home. Overgenerous praise by parents may become a handicap for the child when he attempts to find his way in the wider, and less generous, social world out of the home. An overinflated opinion of one's self may be a serious impediment throughout life. The considerate parent will choose to be sympathetic and encouraging to the growing child by giving a measure of praise not too incompatible with what life is to be like out of the home.

While a safe rule with regard to praise is to be somewhat conservative, it is still more important to consider carefully the meaning to the child of punishments administered. "Let the outcomes of acts do the punishing," like every rule, is valuable only when seasoned with a good measure of discretion. True, the child must learn that fire burns by sooner or later suffering a burn, that interference with the play of other children brings slaps, and that not attending to the toilet brings a disagreeable situation; but no one would contend that it is necessary to let the natural consequences of pulling down boiling pans of water, crossing crowded highways, and putting hands into wringers administer their own punishments. A certain amount of warning and careful watching on the part of parents would prevent some of the terrific toll from accidents of this kind to the preschool child.

Prompt and uncamouflaged rebuke is sometimes the natural consequence of an act and should be so taught. One famous psychologist a number of years ago believed in permitting his children to do as they pleased always. On one occasion a new grand piano was purchased for the home. The parents were away at the time it was delivered. When they returned the boys were casually carving up the legs and walls with their pocket knives. They were still permitted to do as they pleased. This is obviously freedom carried to an absurd extreme.

One great danger in the use of punishment is that it is too likely to be administered in anger. Punishment in anger is not given for the education of the child, but to vent the mother's or father's anger. It accomplishes just that, and in addition is likely to make the child resentful. For punishment to be effective, as already pointed out, it must follow promptly upon the misdeed and the child must be made to see immediately the connection between his act and the punishment. Sometimes we hear "Just wait 'till your father comes home, Young Man." Father is given the disagreeable task of laying on the stripes. Is there any wonder that the boy who is a victim of this treatment intensely dislikes and fears his father? The lesson drilled into such a boy is "Be sure not to get caught next time." It cannot be emphasized too strongly that punishment of this kind does not correct the faults at which it is directed. Few faults are so serious that we should

wittingly exchange them for deceitfulness and loss of cooperation with the child. More will be said in a subsequent lesson, under the title, "Parent-Child Relations," as to how seriously punishment affects cooperation.

One of our fine mission presidents once called in a missionary because of misconduct and said in the course of his rebuke, "Brother, I love you with all my heart; but I hate your damnable sin." This incident illustrates a fine point which is applicable to children: Learn to distinguish between the act and the child. If a child tells a falsehood, he should not be called a "liar." He has simply told a falsehood, but we should not generalize him into a lost soul. Many slight acts cause serious consequences, i. e., a child bouncing a ball into a precious vase. The act should be evaluated psychologically—in terms of what the child's intentions were, and what his reaction is to his mistake—rather than economically or materially, before determining what the treatment should be. This is hard doctrine to follow; since the more serious the material or social consequences of misbehavior, the more violent is the anger of the parent and the more lively the punishment is likely to be.

Whenever punishment must be administered, the child should be made to feel that the love of the parent has not been irreparably lost. Joseph Smith taught the proper procedure when he spoke through revelation: "No power or influence can or ought to be maintained by virtue of the Priesthood, only by persuasion, by long-suffering, by gentleness and meekness, and by love unfeigned; by kindness, and pure knowledge, which shall greatly enlarge the soul without hypocrisy, and without guile—reproving betimes with sharpness, when moved upon by the Holy Ghost; and then showing forth afterwards an increase of love toward him whom thou hast reproved, lest he esteem thee to be his enemy." (D. & C. 121:41-43.)

In conclusion the following principles are suggested for consideration by the class:

1. Let rewards and punishments be natural consequences of acts so far as is consistent with common sense. The more intrinsic the incentives, the less need for extrinsic rewards or punishments.

2. Don't lecture until your words wear out. Emerson said, "How do you expect me to believe what you say when what you are thunders so loudly in my ears I can't hear you." Make few threats, and make only those that can be carried out to the letter.

3. Plan a program for the child that allows for a proper balance between freedom and regulation. Minimize the need for punishments by providing normal outlets for the child's activity.

4. Be consistent in your program. Make an agreement with others cooperating in the care of the child on some definite procedure, and then hold to it. Don't laugh at a child for pranks today and thrash him for the same acts tomorrow. Try to agree among yourselves on methods of discipline so that the child cannot find a retreat in the other parent or relative in the home. No discipline can be effective when the parents are at cross purposes on the procedure.

5. Make punishment consistent with the psychological nature of the act. Watch for tendencies in the child that indicate he wants punishment in order to be the center of the stage. Isolation is the best cure for this behavior.

6. Don't punish in anger, because a competition is set up between the parent and the child that obscures in the minds of both just what is the meaning of the punishment. See that the child comes to dislike what he has done, not to dislike you or himself.

7. Don't praise so lavishly that a faulty evaluation of self is developed.

Problems for Discussion

1. What are the objections to the doctrine "Spare the rod and spoil the child?"

2. Distinguish between extrinsic and intrinsic rewards.

3. Why does most corporal punishment fail to accomplish its purpose?

4. Why do artificial rewards, bribes, fail in their purpose?

5. Point out some exceptions to the rule, "Let the consequences of the acts themselves do the punishing."

6. What is the danger of overpraising the child in the home? What is the danger of never giving encouragement?

Notes to the Field

(*Continued from page* 109)

Speeding Up Social Progress

WE must come to realize that society is not static, not fixed in the course it has long followed. We must realize that society is dynamic, full of drive, energy, motion; in one way or another social conditions are always changing.

What may we as Relief Society women do?

I take my answer from the talk, "A Present Day Challenge," given by a Stake Board Member in our recent conference-conventions.

"Woman's Place." "Never before in American history have women had such an opportunity to make their influence felt as in these changing social and business conditions, when the whole world cries for peace and security."

a. Woman's scope has broadened. In order to protect her own home she must go outside of it to study the influences that threaten its security.

b. Women must interest themselves in activities that affect their homes: public-health; recreation; discipline; child-welfare; social security; sanitation; education; temperance. It takes united and intelligent effort to accomplish results.

In this speeding up of Social Progress is this not our challenge?

"White House Conference," page 133—2nd paragraph; pages 347-348, "The Child and the Church."

1936 Index

THE index for 1936 is now ready, price 10c. Those desiring their magazines bound through this office may have cloth binding including index for $1.50 and leather binding including index for $2.00.

Magazine Drive

WE print these additional reports as we did not have the information needed to include them with those published in the December *Magazine*. There will be no more reports published until after the next Drive. We are sorry these Agents did not get their reports in on time to receive the free *Magazine* subscriptions.

We regret that the name of the *Magazine* Agent of the Washington Branch was not given in our December report. It should have been Frances Naylin Stephens.

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Eastern States Mission		287	351	122	Grace S. Colton

Recipes

By Extension Division of the University of Idaho

Paradise Pudding

1 lb. marshmallows
1 medium can pineapple
1 c. English walnut meats
1 pt. cream

Chop marshmallows in small cubes. Drain juice from pineapple and chop fine; add the chopped nut meats. Chill. Whip cream stiff and mix all together just before serving. Delicious.

Marshmallow Raspberry Fluff

Whip a pint of thick cream very stiff. Fold in the beaten white of an egg and sweeten to taste. Have ready a cupful of finely chopped soft marshmallows; sprinkle these through the cream, mix and serve very cold.

Parfait

This delicious dessert is made in various flavors but the foundation is always a boiled syrup, such as is used for icings, with the white of eggs added. Boil 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water into syrup and pour over the well-beaten whites of four eggs. Beat until cool and then add 1 qt. of whipped cream. Into this may be stirred any flavoring or crushed fruit desired. This is not beaten while freezing like ice cream and sherbets, but is packed in ice and salt until congealed.

Jam Pudding

1 c. jam
½ c. butter
1 c. sugar
4 eggs

Bake in stone dish for fifteen minutes. Serve hot with whipped cream.

Glorified Rice Pudding

1 c. cooked rice (⅓ c. raw rice)
¼ c. brown sugar
1½ tbsp. butter
1 tbsp. gelatine
¾ c. milk
½ c. cold water
1 c. (½ pkg.) sliced dates
1 ts. vanilla
½ c. cream whipped, or two egg whites beaten stiffly

Soak the gelatine in cold water for at least five minutes. Scald the milk in the top part of a double boiler, add the butter, sugar, and rice. Add the gelatine and stir until the gelatine has dissolved. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and dates. Cool until the mixture begins to stiffen. Fold in the whipped cream or beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water and set aside in a cold place until firm. Serve plain or with additional whipped cream. This recipe serves 6.

Apricot Cream Sherbet

Measure 2 c. of canned apricots which have been mashed through a potato ricer. Cover with ¾ c. sugar and let stand 3 hours. Fold in 1 c. of cream whipped stiff, and freeze.

Peach Dessert

Place 6 peach halves in 6 ice cream glasses, cup side up. To chopped meat of 6 prunes add ¼ c. finely chopped pecans and enough peach syrup to make a soft paste. Fill depressions in peaches with this mixture and place another peach half on top, cup side down. Add spoonful of peach syrup and top with whipped cream.

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